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SIR RALPH ESHER:

OR,

ADVENTURES

OF

A GENTLEMAN OF THE COURT OF

CHARLES II.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

**HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
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1832.

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR RALPH ESHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE return to court, after the sea, was like emerging from noise, wet, and darkness, into a saloon full of light and beauty. And the best of it was, quoth Sir George, that we returned in good condition. The Duke had waited some time at the Nore, intending to go to sea again, which his Majesty prevented: so that our valets had time to come to us with new suits of red and gold. Thus with health and ruddiness in our faces, clean linen to our backs, and "locks as crull as they were laid in press," (as the old poet has it), we entered

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amidst the flowers and fair ones of the palace,
conquering and to conquer.

Another poet has described us,

“ All plumed, like estridges that wing the wind ;”

(Our very hats !)

“ Bated like eagles, having lately bathed ;”

(We had done so ;)

“ Glittering in golden coats, like images ;”

(The red and gold, to wit ;)

“ As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun of Midsummer.”

Then there's something about goats and bulls.

“ I saw Dick Tufton with his beaver on,

His sword-knot at his thigh, gallantly dressed,

Come from the wars like feathered victory,

And hand her with such ease into her seat

(Miss Brooks I mean) as though he had borne arms,

But to subdue a fiery Maid of Honour,

And witch the court with wondrous seamanship.”

“ Bravo !” said Buckingham ; “ I permit you
to have said it, Ralph ; though being so good,
it should have been mine.”

His Grace also permitted us to have our wounds; though he would have been heartily glad of a few on the same terms. As for mine, it had a delicate white silken sling made for it by Miss Warmestre, and I was cautious how I hurried the cure. Every day the most interesting inquiries were made about it. More than one patriotic damsel offered to make the sling; but Miss Warmestre shrunk, and drew the breath within her teeth in so pretty a manner, at the bare idea of touching it, that I could not but give the preference to my sensitive acquaintance.

“You do not know then,” said Lady Castlemain, “what broke poor Miss Warmestre’s spirits, just after you left us?”

“No, madam,” answered I, expecting to hear something additional to my credit, though rather surprised it should come from that quarter; for her Ladyship, albeit friendlier than ever for a day or two, and always lively, had lately taken it into her head to flatter nobody but Mr Hart. Besides, I had begun to suspect, that she did not much relish attentions on the part of the ladies to any young fellow whom she had vouch-

safed to patronise, which was true at that period of her life. At all events, she did not like them as long as herself was present. In her absence she might suppose them not to exist.

Her Ladyship whispered to me the news of an attachment between Miss Warmestre, and somebody that had left her; not without an intimacy of older standing than mine. I was startled at this; but the poor girl looked so humble and sorry, had made such little pretensions of any sort, and was withal so handsome, and so grateful for attention, that it was impossible to quarrel with her, for not having given one an exclusive right of preference. She had her preferences, nevertheless: her humbleness had a pride in it; for Sir Thomas Vernon, a country gentleman, who had been making furious love to her, on and off, for these two years, had been lately dismissed with a vehemence and scorn, that surprised everybody. All these circumstances threw a mystery round the fair forlorn, which she seemed willing enough to explain, if I had requested her; but I had not the courage.

To say the truth, I had scarcely the inclination. I could have kicked the unknown to the anti-

podes, for a minute or so, purely because he disturbed my vanity; but, on reflection, I forgot him, that my vanity might not be disturbed. I was no declared lover of the lady: there was nothing understood between us: perhaps the inclination, if suspected by anybody, was not suspected to be on my side: in short, I was not in love; and I had become deeply interested in the concerns of a friend who was.

Sir Philip had begged me to delay reading his packet till he left us. He said he should talk plentifully with me on the subject of its contents by and bye; but that there were things in it relative to his affairs, (I wondered to hear him thus particularize, but the reason will be seen presently), which he would not trust himself to speak of, till I was acquainted with, and had reflected on them. The reserve which he appeared to maintain in the meanwhile, I should find to be something very different from a wish to be close and secret. At all events, it might be an earnest of his power to be silent, in case reserve were required; and he could not hold his tongue with me, if he knew the manuscript had been read. I should learn, he

said, with the rest of his history, what affair it was that now took him away; but he should return to seek me at court, or, at all events, write and let me know what he was about, within a month after his departure. With these words he quitted me, to go and take leave of the Duke; and I hastened to unseal my precious deposit.

Imagine my surprise, when I found that Sir Philip had been acquainted with a good deal of my own history, before I told it him. Conceive also the mixture of surprise, of regret, I believe I should say remorse, and of thanks to my kind friend for his delicacy, when I found that the person from whom the history came round to him, was Miss Randolph, and that this dear and tender girl had nearly died, out of tenderness for one that did not deserve her; I will do myself the justice to say, that I felt this piece of news severely. It was the first thing that gave me any real gravity, or made me look about myself to cultivate a proper manliness of character. I should have been much laughed at in the ante-rooms, had my reflections been known; but the peculiarity of my education had given me a conscience

tenderer than that of most of my companions: and to do some of them justice (though they would have been highly shocked at it), there was more of it among themselves than they pretended. Some indeed had none at all on this point: they were too healthy, and thoughtless, and desirous of cutting a figure; but among others, there was almost as much affectation upon it, as in the articles of dress and expenditure. The enormity, with some exceptions, was generally in proportion to the time of life. I could not say, that Miss Randolph had been in love with me. I began to hope, that it was a vanity to think so. Yet selfishness was not to play me a new trick, under pretence of my having grown modest. I was bound to suffer and to draw conclusions like a man, whether for myself or against.

Sir Philip touched upon this very dilemma with the utmost delicacy. He had learnt my history from the lady in whose house Miss Randolph was ill. Miss Randolph had spoken of me in the kindest manner, and had said nothing positive as to love on either side. It was clear, I thought, that both her friend and mine had concluded one

of us to have been in love ; but Sir Philip chose to leave it in doubt ; he confessed as much. Imagine how I felt self-condemned and relieved at the same time, and what new reasons this friend had given me to love him, when I found him writing to me, in the following manner. I tasted at once the bitterness of the first sense of guilt, and the sweets with which a proved and acknowledged sincerity could make it tolerable.

“ It requires,” wrote Sir Philip, “ no ordinary cast of character to enable a man to receive pain from a friend ; nor should a friend, I think, give it but under peculiar circumstances, and where he can at once find good qualities in the person he gives it to, and prove his own power to acknowledge faults in himself. You will not doubt me on either of these points, when I tell you that I was moved to open my heart to you on the subject of both our affairs, first by the delight I experienced in finding your narrative tally so entirely with that which I had received from another ; and secondly, by two or three remarkable coincidences in our early life, one of which, though not exactly like the present, so far resembles it as to give me a

very lively regret. I have endeavoured to turn this regret to account; and if you would allow me to say so, I would advise you to do as much. It will take away the worst part of such pain as you may feel about it, granting you feel any. I am sure I have reason to be pained: I am not so sure that you have. I have sometimes thought, that all the pains I have endured in love have been the consequence and punishment of that first error: but then I was a mere youth like yourself; I was not indeed, as thoughtless as you; I had not that excuse; but I was thoughtless upon the particular point, and I had nothing around me but mystery and deception. There is something in this, as in all other offences, for which, as we are not the beginners of them, so we ought not finally to suffer too much.

“Conceive, my dear Esher, how the gayer fellows of the court would laugh at us for these excuses. But the truth is, you, like myself, were educated to have a greater conscience than they; and if we suffer a little more for it, perhaps we shall enjoy more in the end, and cause less suffering meanwhile. At any rate, such will be your ease. As for me,—but a truce with superfluous

melancholy; there is enough in what I am going to relate. Fortune, be assured, intends you to be a very happy man; and I mean to enjoy your happiness, in case I have none of my own."

So far I quote the words of my friend's manuscript. Perhaps I shall occasionally do so as I proceed; and I shall always make use of their turn and colouring in the following summary of his narrative; adding, at the same time, whatever I may think necessary, from what I learnt of him in our after discourses. The style, indeed, I could not very well help, if I tried; for by long habits of association, our language has become much alike, only there is a greater degree of earnestness and fervour in what Sir Philip says upon graver points. If ever I say anything at once serious and striking, I am not sure that it might not be always traced to some influence of his conversation.

My friend, in the words above quoted, paid me the compliment of finding a resemblance in some early circumstances of our lives; I fear it was indeed a compliment, however sincere; but there are points of resemblance, nevertheless. His mother resembled mine, though of a different faith: he

knew the worthy Mr Warmestre, alias Braythwaite; and had gone through the ordeal of the Duke of Buckingham's friendship. The more I read, the more I congratulated myself on the sincerity and clearness of my behaviour. Braythwaite turned out to be a tool in Buckingham's pay; and my friend had no doubt that Captain Sandford would prove to be a desperado, under somewhat of the like circumstances. He suspected he knew him, and that Sandford was not his real name. Myself he had heard of, in connexion with both of these worthies, and I had at one time been under a cloud of suspicion with Arran and Lord Ossory (sons of Ormond) on the Captain's account; but the explicitness of my behaviour on all other points, the surprise I had openly expressed (to the amusement of many) at finding the Butler family such excellent persons, and what is more curious, the very silence I had maintained respecting my intercourse to and fro with Sandford, combined with the dislike I expressed of him, upon after-thought, as my acquaintance in France, and the similar feeling which I could not help manifesting with regard to Buckingham, had had the best effect

upon Sir Philip's mind, and shewn him that I had been the conscientious keeper of a secret. The intercourse had been found out; but I might think myself lucky in thus having profited, instead of suffered, by a scrupulous observance of secrecy. My friend let me understand all this in the delicate manner conceivable, without stating anything too broadly. How I longed to have him with me again; or rather, to be with him, and go wherever he went!

Sir Philip Herne, the only survivor of a family that came in with the conquest, was the great grandson of a country gentleman of both his names, to whom Philip the Second, husband of Queen Mary, had stood godfather. The family were then rigid Catholics, and remained so till the time of Sir Philip's father, who having become conversant in early youth with the most speculative class of the republicans, gave up his faith still more in reality than in appearance. With a lingering regard for the symbols he had been taught to reverence, so great as never to have given up his private chapel, he united a freedom of religious opinion amounting to laxity.

He was a man of great gaiety of spirits, the delight of Harry Marten and others, but not without staid qualities that procured him the regard of the Vanes and Lawrences. They were not sufficient, however, to make him listen with proper gravity to the profundity and etherial mysticism of Sir Kenelm Digby. These made a far greater impression on the son. Sir Edward Herne had past a jest on Sir Kenelm, which the latter never forgave. The share which Kenelm's father, Sir Everard, had in the gunpowder-plot is well known. "The father," said our merry Papist, "was a man of no words; he would have blown people up, and no harm done; that's soon over; but let the son have his way, and he will keep the House eternally sitting, that he may eternally talk."

Sir Edward Herne being a man of wealth and influence, a declining faith was anxious to detain him nominally in its service, if it could do little better; but even this hold on him received a great shock, when he chose for his wife the daughter of an open apostate. Her father, Mr Oglethorpe, a gentleman of property in Oxfordshire, had

departed so vehemently from the faith of his ancestors, that it is thought he had been saved from disinheritance, only by the fit of passion which seized his progenitor, and which suddenly killed him. His friends reported this to be a calumny; but it is certain that the old gentleman died at that moment, and that the spirit in which the convert maintained his new faith, partook of the vehemence and uneasiness which belong to persons of an unsatisfied conscience acting upon a wilful temper. He had married a Catholic, whom he endeavoured to force into his own opinions, and who in her own house was obliged to exercise the offices of religion by stealth. The daughter, the only fruit of this union, he sedulously brought up as he wished, by means of violent Protestants whom he put about her; and what between the love for a gentle mother, and her fears of a father with whose religion she had thus been forced to accord, her health was prematurely shaken, and a morbid sensibility to impressions interwoven with the texture of her being.

The marriage with this young lady, which was looked upon by the Catholics as so complete a

desertion of their cause on the part of Sir Edward Herne; was regarded by Mr Oglethorpe's neighbours as a symptom of his return to it. Both were in the wrong. Sir Edward was neither more nor less a Catholic than he had been; and his father-in-law, so far from having returned to his old faith, had found his zeal for Protestantism increasing every day, by reason of the growing authority of the Puritans, of whose power in worldly matters he expected to partake. He saw that they could wink at indulgences for their profit, as well as those whom they denounced for it; and as interest was at the bottom of all his actions, though temper coloured them, he could easily warrant the union of two families long acquainted, on the plea that it might give a final turn the right way to the opinions of so indifferent a Papist as his son-in-law. On the other hand, Sir Edward, who was a good-tempered man, succeeded in quieting the tenderer consciences for which he had a regard, by dwelling on the known Catholicism of his bride's mother; and the old lady for her part was delighted to see her daughter in any hands not decidedly Pro-

testant; a calamity which she had long looked upon as certain. Meanwhile, Mr Oglethorpe, who would have been sorry to suspect his child of having no truer zeal than himself, after he had ordained that she should be full of it, made a variety of stipulations with Sir Edward, the object of which was to preserve her faith in its purity; and he really thought (so absurd is a despotical temper) not only that it would have been highly criminal in the bridegroom to allow the least hazard of the reverse, though it was the very thing he had been just doing himself, but that all parties would strain their utmost to oblige a disagreeable old gentleman, who was prepared to insult and outrage everybody at a moment's notice.

Not to dwell on these matters longer than is necessary, (and the mention of them is only necessary to show the origin of my friend's and his mother's character,) Mr Oglethorpe died without having obtained any of the objects of his ambition: and his wife followed him not long afterwards, worn out with the calamities of herself and her church, but blessing her son-in-law for

the faith he secretly allowed to be kept up, and for the shelter his generosity afforded to a persecuted priesthood.

It was at this period, that the unhappy disputes having come to their height, between King Charles the First and his Parliament, the severe penal laws took place against a body of men, for whom the reigning family had always been suspected of entertaining a predilection, and who had latterly excited the rage and indignation of their opponents by a massacre in Ireland. The Catholics who had formerly been the persecutors, were now to learn what it was to be persecuted. I cannot use a less harsh term, seeing what I have seen in my own time; and yet I cannot affirm, that any one of our new philosophers, Mr Bayle not excepted, would have been a jot better, perhaps not so good, as many of the persecutors, had they lived and possessed authority in their time. As Sir Philip says, we should then have been no older than our ancestors; whereas we have now added years to their years, and gained knowledge by their experience. At the moment that I am writing these pages, the Catholics, aided by a very

great person, are trying hard to regain their authority; and some old acquaintances of mine, once the meekest of the enduring, are beginning to assume airs, very unpromising for the toleration they have so loudly advocated. Supposing the Catholics succeed (of which they would have no hope if they knew all) they would only have to alter certain words in our own penal laws, and then we, in return, should have to endure and be meek, and long to cut their throats. Are these lessons for ever to be lost on mankind? Will it never learn, that it is only by a mutual concession of their swords, that warm disputants can argue without danger? In short, that authority is not argument, and man's notion of God's opinions not bound to be his own? Sir Philip says, it will learn: nay, that it is learning fast: and he talks of a century or two, as if a few generations were nothing. For my part, I have lived in a court, and am not quite so sanguine. On the other hand, I am not so wise. Twenty thoughts go through his head, for one of mine. I grant also, that if he has many wise men against him, they are accompanied by the greatest fools I know; — “the

confidentest puppies," to use the phrase of the Viscount. One would think, by the way in which these gentlemen talk of what has been, is, and ever will be, that they were hand and glove with eternity five millions of years ago, and know exactly what is to occur on the 19th of June, sixteen thousand seven hundred and forty-two. If ever Catholic or Protestant, seated in the chair of power, should be able to say, the one to the other, "I give you leave to do as I do; namely, to think as you please without suffering for it,"—I would not swear, that in the course of two or three hundred years afterwards (for the grandeur of my friend's disposal of time seduces me,) nations would not begin to think it unnecessary to hack and hew one another to pieces, even to oblige the gentlemen that occupy thrones.

To return to my narrative. The lady of Sir Edward Herne had brought with her, from her father's house, a female servant, a well-meaning woman, extremely fond of her young mistress, and no less attached to the religion with which she had helped to inoculate her. Mr Oglethorpe having forbidden his wife to speak to his child upon this

subject, and an interdict so unnatural producing a variety of other restraints, there had been a melancholy division between the mother and her daughter's attendants, which produced a tendency to differ on all points, and affected the temper of all parties. Mrs Oglethorpe's delicate conscience was torn between her desire to pay obedience to a husband, and what she thought the duties of her religion; but the claims of a child upon a mother's efforts for her salvation, swallowed up, of necessity, every other consideration; and she left no artifice untried to drop the good seed, if it were but a seed only, in the bosom of her offspring. She succeeded. Maternal zeal, aided by that very spirit of softness and acquiescence which disposed her to yield in general, and which threw a veil over her manners calculated to blind the self-sufficient dignity of Mr Oglethorpe, proved to be too much for the coarser guardianship of the servant. Children not only discern acutely between those who only pretend to love them, and such as really do so, but if not very dull, they soon learn how to distinguish the greater and less degrees of love itself. Miss Oglethorpe did not love her

father at all, though she was afraid to think so. The servant she did love; but by the time she began to reason as well as feel, nothing could surpass the passionate fondness she entertained for her mother. Esther, with her rustic education, had not only gone too clumsily to work: she had brought with her from her deceased husband's cottage, together with the breast of milk with which the babe was to be supplied with strength, a set of country superstitions not quite so wholesome; and with these she made a point of frightening, and being frightened, as hard as lay in her power. In vain her master assured her, that there were no such things as beings who danced on the green, and dropped testers into shoes. The existence of witches he admitted, express authority existing for their belief; but it was ridiculous, he said, to believe in creatures not a span long, who were merry and good-humoured, and confined their supernatural offices to the threshing of corn, and pinching of maid-servants. If habit had not been sufficient to convince Esther that her master was wrong, nothing could have done it sooner than an affront to her understanding. She, therefore, not

only persisted resolutely in believing every possible belief, with the exception of papistry, but proceeded to impart the blessing to his infant; and it was greatly owing to her zeal in behalf of this fantastic creed, that the mother was enabled to thwart her in the more serious one. The Presbyterian minister who was called in to complete the young lady's religion, was listened to with patience, with sweetness, apparently with conviction, for slavery brings duplicity; but Miss Oglethorpe was a devout Catholic before she was fifteen; and when she entered her new abode, as Lady Herne, the first moment Esther left her alone, she locked the door of her bedchamber; greedily entered the little chapel that led out of it, and prostrating herself at the foot of the altar, poured out her soul in gratitude to the disposer of events, for bringing her into a Christian house.

Sir Edward, it is true, was still but an indifferent Catholic. He had suffered his chapel to go to decay; and by the absence of the crucifix from the altar, and the presence of certain irreligious shoes and boots, Mr Oglethorpe had the pleasure of discovering, that it had even been desecrated. This

was true. Sir Edward, really careless about his faith, though, from good temper as well as habit, inclined to keep in with its professors, had gone so far in openly complying with the laws, as to desecrate this chapel; but then he had assured his Catholic friends, that it was only to do them the better service in private; and as a proof of his sincerity, he had secretly established another. He shewed them a paper in cypher, given him by the Jesuit who confessed him, that warranted his acting in this manner; and the persecutions against the faith increasing every day, and his generosity increasing with them, (for he was a man of a gallant nature, and began to curse his friends, the Independents, for not doing as they would be done by,) he became in time one of the staunchest as well as safest patrons of an afflicted church. He continued to cultivate acquaintance with the busiest of his opponents, the rigid and universally intolerant, whose conduct, so far, he respected more than that of the others; and as these men were hopeful of his indifference, and did not dislike his good cheer, he had the boldness, during the most active Anti-catholic period of the

Commonwealth, to entertain them with his dinners below stairs, while more than one priest was secreted in his rooms above.

On these occasions, some pretence was always found for bringing in old Esther, in ostentatious evidence of the host's freedom of opinion. Lady Herne, whose fear of her father's despotism survived his existence, and who saw in these guests only so many of his representatives, behaved exactly as her mother had done in like circumstances. Being accustomed to talk little in public, she was not troubled with their discourse. She did what she had to do at table; said yes, and no, in an humble tone of voice, little better than a whisper; heard with dread the compliments paid herself and her old servant on the purity of their faith; delighted, nevertheless, to see Esther pleased, (for then she knew all was safe); and hastened, amidst hectic blushes and a shower of tears, to receive absolution for her worldly wisdom at the feet of her confessor.

Sir Edward had been greatly perplexed at first to know what to do with Esther. She had accompanied her mistress into his house on the express

stipulation of Mr Oglethorpe; and habit and privilege, as well as the faith to which Lady Herne was supposed to adhere, conspired to keep her in constant attendance upon her person. Luckily, she was not long in exhibiting her respect for fairies and ghosts; and then dreadful things were told her of the two upper stories of the house; of Catholic spectres, blue lights, and walking candlesticks. There was an elf on one leg, that kept his arms stretched out for a cross; and Sir Edward was profane enough to add something about a little scarlet gentlewoman of evil repute, who walked with a bare neck and long flowing tresses, and said impudent things in Latin. Seeing the coast thus secured, (for nothing upon earth could have induced the woman to venture within two staircases of the haunted rooms, or have enabled her to mount one of the steps, without blinding her eyes and shrieking,) her master laughed at his own tales, affecting a total disbelief in them. He did this, in order that he might account for the choice of his private apartments. And among the pious frauds practised by his lady, was a pretended astonishment at Esther for not chusing to venture higher than

the first floor. Her Ladyship also would venture an occasional invitation to her, to go up and see "the walking candlestick."

The difficulty was greater when little Philip made his appearance. Esther was so jealous of his being nursed by any one but herself, that his mother was afraid of exciting her suspicions by keeping him too much out of her way. There was no knowing to what mischievous proceeding bigotry might not have provoked her. Sir Edward, to excuse his not permitting her to meddle with the child's faith, professed always to be hesitating between the Independent and Presbyterian notions, (in the latter of which she had been brought up) taking care, meanwhile, to produce in him as much indifference to all, as was possible to a child so circumstanced, and as the father's subtlety could manage to convey it into his mind; a policy which he thought but fair towards a little creature besieged with bigotry on all sides, and not very likely to escape a good deal of it. His wife, who surprised him on her first entering the house with the extreme emotion under which she discovered the accordance of her opinions with those of his

own race, he first loved the more for her zeal and gratitude—then pitied—then would rally her gently ; till at last, finding that his indifference distressed her, and that the morbid delicacy of her temperament rendered her a companion rather too weak and saintly for one of his festive and not very imaginative turn, he contented himself with being civil and easy, though in a very kind manner, and solaced his regret at what he considered a combination of absurdities, by a variety of jovial amours. Of the fruits of one of these, honest Mr Braythwaite was the depositary : (my cheek tingled at this part of the narrative.) Was it possible then that Miss Warmestre was the sister of his friend ? or little jovial Nelly ? or poor Miss Randolph, towards whom I did not hold myself guiltless ? These were all the Warmestre inmates that I was aware of : though doubtless there were more.

Lady Herne felt her perplexities with regard to the child increase every day. He was getting too old to be left to the chance of an erroneous faith ; there were no longer sufficient reasons for objecting to his going about any part of the house ; and yet he was not old enough to be entrusted with a

secret. Accordingly, she thought herself compelled to allow Esther to make an impression on him with respect to the ghosts and fairies, in order that he might not detect the hiding places of her friends; and she endeavoured to tranquillize herself with regard to the rest, by hoping that the delay of a few months could do no harm; at the end of which time, a mother's exhortations and tears would, she doubted not, produce the same effect on him, as they had done on herself.

But she had not made due allowance for difference of temperament, perhaps of sexes, nor for the very different impressions made by the characters of the two fathers,—her own and her son's:—the one a harsh bigot, of unconciliating manners, whose doctrine became repulsive in contrast with those of an amiable mother; the other, a kind, if not a very attentive parent, zealous enough on the side of anti-zeal, to give his indifference all the charm of good-humour, and a pleasant association of ideas. She forgot also, or rather she had never reflected, that the servant in growing older had grown more bigoted, and that the popular superstitions of her infancy, which led her former charge into a natural sympathy with Catholicism, had now

become so mixed up with her horror of white surplises, candlesticks and crosses, that the question was likely to be begged against the faith, rather than for it. Circumstances, by degrees, forced this reflection upon her, and then it was that she felt in all its force the perplexity of her situation, and the pangs that await deception in tender consciences. The bodily constitution of little Philip had not yet betrayed any symptom of inheriting his mother's delicacy. He promised, though partaking her features, to have the make and muscular strength of his father. But the usual dread evinced by children, of the dark and its mysteries, began to be exhibited by him to an excess which threatened to blight this promise of vigour. If a candle went out, he came and stood by his mother's side, holding her gown, and trembling from head to foot. He could not be left an instant in a room alone, without running and screaming after the deserting person; and Mr Oglethorpe, who loved to feel the sense of his superiority even over a child, seldom exhibited a greater willingness to laugh and be amused than when his grandson was unlucky enough to express any such fears in his presence.

He would aggravate and play with them, as a cat does with a mouse; and then foolishly pretend, perhaps imagine, that this was the way to render the child sensible of the absurdity, and grow more of a man. In these tricks Sir Edward would thoughtlessly join. He also took a new occasion from them to blind his father-in-law to the illegal state of his premises. Lady Herne sat by, in agony of spirit, not daring, nor indeed wishing, to pretend any gravity on the score of "white men" and "hopping crosses," but wounded in conscience for not opposing other things that were said, and dreading lest something should become visible on corridor or staircase, to warrant the child's fears, and excite the suspicion of the unfaithful.

It was at length thought proper to part with the child for some years; a measure, to which his mother would have consented long before, but for the hopes in which she indulged herself, day by day, of being able to turn his fancies to her liking. She felt the greater remorse for the delay, inasmuch as the family to whom he was given in charge, besides living in the country, where he would gather health and strength, were secret

Catholics like herself, and would strain every nerve to put the heir of such a family in the right path. A circumstance occurred a day or two before he went, which at once brought her alarm to its height, and made her bless heaven that she had resolved upon doing her duty, before absolute necessity compelled her.

Philip had not only been taught to associate the imagery of the Catholic ceremonies with things supernatural and spectral; he had been led to believe it full of a mysterious wickedness. The idea of a man in a long white gown, or the "white man," as Esther called him, included that of a demon disguised in female attire. There was a worse female, the lady in the red gown and long tresses, the thought of whom combined all which the child could conceive of what was forbidden on earth, and insulting to heaven: and the handsomer she was, the more horrid. There was also an old man, called Pope, old, bearded, and wicked, with a shining mitre on his head, who eat little boys; a Grey Friar, who *fried* people (a story, alas! too true, only Philip thought that all Friars were so called

from the operation); and one Guy Fox, of whom, though he was hung many years since, and Philip knew him to be dead, he yet conceived as of a person alive, constantly going into a cellar to blow up a great house, with God's eye looking at him from the corner of a picture. This picture which had been saved out of some denounced prayer-book, was kept by Esther at the bottom of a trunk, together with the 'Lady and Death,' the 'Maiden's Bloody Tragedy,' and other helps to reflection; and one day she drew it forth and shewed it her little friend, telling him it was the picture of one of the "dreadful papishes;" all of whom, she said, looked exactly in that manner, had the same eye, and the same mixture of *fox* and devil. This information brought a relief with it to the poor boy; as he now thought he had never seen a living papist, and thus was enabled to double his scorn and derision at somebody who had called his father one; "for his father," he said, "looked neither like fox nor devil, but a proper gentleman." It never struck him, that he had seen both papists and puritans, not a whit better looking than the

fox himself, and in fact much resembling his expression. Not thinking ill of them, he saw nothing in their countenances but sickness or old age.

Esther did not tell him, that Sir Edward's house was haunted by all the frightful personages above-mentioned. She was only sure of the criss-cross-elf, the walking candlestick, the white man, and the wicked woman in red; one of the daughters, she supposed, or some other wicked limb of "the great scarlet abomination, who sat upon seven hills;" (a mode of session, which always puzzled her hearer to know what to think of it.) But as Satan was ever walking about, seeking whom he might devour, there was no saying how far his friend might not accompany him; and though Philip never imagined that a monster so vast and stupendous as the one which took seven hills to sit upon, could think of paying a visit inside a house, yet old Pope might come, to lurk on the staircase with his mumbling beard; the Friar with his grey face and his fiery pan, might come; and the ram, on which the abomination rode, might be in requisition to act as palfrey to the wicked woman; for so inconsistent is fancy, that although

the mother was of such huge dimensions as to occupy a chair of the size of Westmoreland, her person when taking an airing still presented itself to the imagination, as mounted on no greater stud than a common sheep.

Lady Herne, to wean her child from his horror of scarlet gowns, was in the habit of wearing one herself, and as her hair was of a luxuriant length, and her mode of dress a great deal modester than the one in fashion (for she had something nun-like in all her tendencies, except what Sir Edward was pleased to call the only right one) the boy perceived well enough, that a real living woman might wear a red gown, and have fine flowing hair, and yet be very good. This however did not hinder him from having his old fancies about scarlet ghosts. Lady Herne had beautiful long tresses; but then the "naughty neck" was not seen; she had not a great flaring colour in her cheek, like the wicked woman; and she did not walk with her hands before her, smiling like a devil incarnate, and saying wicked words in Latin. The scarlet fiend, according to Esther, sometimes painted her face, and tired her head, and looked

out of a window ; which description of the proceeding of Jezebel, Philip, as well as herself, took for that of an actual custom on the part of this infernal jade. When he observed his mother watching with anxiety any passenger in the streets, who happened to stand and look up at the house, he fancied she was about to give credit to this story, and would ask whether the men saw anything strange at the window ; nor did the child know what to think of her answer in the negative, when he observed that the question never failed to agitate her, and make her look eagerly in his face.

It happened one afternoon, that the mother left the room in which she was sitting, to cross into one on the other side of the corridor, in order to speak with her husband. Little Philip remained in the room, for Esther was there ; otherwise his voice would soon have been heard by the religious above stairs, crying, as they said, " to be delivered out of the pit." His father, at this juncture, who was trying to accustom him to walk about the house alone (secure that he would go no higher than where he was), called out to the boy to come to him. Both doors were open ; Philip was close

to the one. He measured the distance of the corridor with his eyes; and resolving to be of a stout heart and please his father, set off with all his might, without knowing that his mother had left the room. Just as he had got half way, he sees her coming from the opposite door towards him. Horror seizes him on the instant. The red gown was converted into that of the ghost. A saying of Esther's darted into his mind, that evil beings made use of known and friendly voices to lure people towards them; and giving a dreadful scream, he turned round, fled faster than he had come, and fell at the servant's feet in convulsions.

An opportunity was taken from this accident to read the servant a severe lesson on follies which had gone so much farther than was looked for; and also to diminish her intercourse with Philip. Lady Herne would gladly have ended it at once; but always in a state of hectic alarm, she was cautious of coming to an open rupture. She seized, however, the further occasion of announcing the child's intended visit to the country, and (what she had before trembled to speak of) her

determination that Esther should not go with him; and as her father had secretly begun to regret his encouragement of the boy's fears, and avowed himself of the same mind, the poor woman, who was an affectionate though foolish creature, was fain to give up with a good grace, shedding floods of tears, and expressing a penitent sympathy with Master Philip's sufferings.

The boy went into the country (the place was in Westmoreland;) staid two years; in the course of which both his father and grandfather died; acquired blooming cheeks and double stoutness of limb, and came back, if not a better Catholic than before (the family, who were feeble people, not having succeeded in what they undertook, and being in truth afraid to venture much, owing to some accidents which soon after caused their dispersion), yet no longer frightened at the idea of Catholics, nor regarding them as a set of human devils. For awhile, in consequence of these accidents, the house of Sir Edward was suspiciously regarded; but his jovialities, his flatteries, some say his money, restored matters to their former state of security. Nobody, seeing

the way in which he and his Presbyterian friends went in and out, would have suspected that there were no less than three priests in his house, who said mass every day; and that the next house, under pretence of belonging to a bitter enemy, with whom he affected to be on the most violent terms, contained two more, besides the chapel in which they all assembled, by means of a partition in the wall.

There was one thing, as well as health and strength, and a relaxation of his anticatholic prejudices, which Lady Herne rejoiced to see the little Philip had brought with him from the country. This was the power to keep a secret. It had been taught him, as the first step of his theology, by the only clever person that appeared within the doors of the family in Westmoreland; which person was a jesuit in disguise. Nor must it be omitted, that to whatever purpose the body of men to which he belonged meant to turn the doctrines they inculcated, Father Waring had the wit to see, and the talent to bring forth, the early capacity of the boy, and put him in a train apparently to think for himself. He first made his

own person acceptable, by entering into his sports, riding about the country with him, and teaching him to climb trees and precipices: he made him a witness of his charities to the poor, which were real ones, and impressed him accordingly; he turned his very fears to account by converting the story of Cæsar's ghost into a temptation to read Plutarch, an author for whom his pupil ever afterwards entertained the greatest affection; and he put, what many of his creed would have thought a dangerous and profane book into his hands, to wit, the plays of Shakspeare. It may be unnecessary to add, that Philip was then too young to attack the old heroical biographer in his native Greek. It was in the English translation that he first became acquainted with him. The boy was only of an age to begin his rudiments in Latin; a commencement, which gave a new and amusing trouble to the good Father (who like most scholars, could not resist a joke connected with anything classical); for the child expressed great horror of it, asking if it was not the language of "the wicked woman." The depravity of this female spectre had led the boy to entertain an

especial horror of female depravity in general, and to connect in his premature, though uninformed mind, the foulest with the fairest ideas; so that even the word *love*, from any other lips but those of his parents and Esther, and pointing to anything except an affection such as they entertained for him, appeared to him to contain some frightful mystery of iniquity. It was not the business of Father Waring to lead the pupil into less abhorrent notions of love and beauty; but as the verbs in the Latin Grammar began with *Amo*, he annexed to it the word *Deum*, and thus in shewing the child that it was possible to utter in Latin so pious a sentence as *I love God*, he led him to see that there was nothing criminal in the language of Virgil and St Augustin, and that the tongue of the mass was not essentially that of devils.

The mode which the good Father took to wean him from his personal dread of the Catholics, was very judicious. He pointed out to him, one day, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had often taken him on his knee, and given him cakes and kisses. He was coming away from a cottage, the

inmates of which, sick and meagre, had crowded to the door, and were pouring blessings on him, this gentleman, for his charity. The tutor, seeing the pupil's face glow with admiration, asked him what he should think of a country in which such a man as that would not be safe; of a people who would not only hinder him from doing such kind offices, but actually seek his life, and not suffer him to lay his head down at night in peace. The child could only express his astonishment, and say it would be very wicked.

“But suppose the English people were to do so.”

“Oh, the English people could never do so. That is impossible.”

“No, it is not,” said the Jesuit, “provided the gentleman were a Papist.”

“Ah, but it is impossible the gentleman should be a Papist. He is too good; and besides, he does not look like one of those wicked people. He is quite another sort of a man.”

“But, my dear boy,” observed the tutor, “suppose now you were all in the wrong about this look of the Papists, and that they neither had frightful faces nor did wicked things; and suppose that,

instead of these bad actions and looks, many of them were as kind and as handsome as your good father, Sir Edward, and did the same charitable things that he does, and loved little children, and gave bread to the poor? Did you ever see a gentleman with one of the faces you speak of?"

"No, I never did." (This, as I have before observed, was a mistake of little Philip's, for he had seen plenty of them, some belonging to very honest Presbyterians; but they had not the same effect on his mind.)

"And yet," returned Mr Waring, "you have seen dozens of Papists or Catholics."

"Oh, no."

"Yes, you have, to my knowledge."

"How? I can't have done that, or I should never have forgotten it. Besides, Esther told me, and she knows."

"Did you never find Esther mistaken? Has anything she told you, never turned out to be false?"

The boy pondered upon this, and said yes. He had known her say, that she had not been sleeping or looking out of window, when she had. She

confessed to his mother and father, that she did not not know, for certain, anything about the wicked woman and the man in white; and he remembered in particular, that having promised to keep secret her going to sleep one night with the candle burning at the bedside, which she had left so because he was afraid, he got into great trouble about it, because nothing could force him to say, that he knew she was not awake."

Here is moral energy, thought Mr Waring; out of that we can make all the rest. "Well, my boy," resumed the priest, "you see then that a well-meaning person may sometimes make a mistake; and when not very wise, may now and then be guilty of a little untruth. Perhaps you have been so yourself?"

The boy coloured and was silent.

"I don't mean to be angry with you, my child, for what is past; but you will soon be growing a man, and it is the business of a man to speak the truth." (The good Father did not add, that he had the greater charity on this point, inasmuch as, like many other honest men, who scorned to utter a falsehood, except in the way of business, he could

go considerable lengths the other way, in behalf of the interests of his order.)

“I am beginning to leave off story-telling,” said the boy, colouring more violently, and with a divided feeling of pride and humiliation. “I have not told a story since I have been at the Lakes, and I did not tell half so many, after my mother cried about it, and begged me not.”

Mr Waring bestowed great praises on his pupil's candour, and proceeded to show him how it was possible to make mistakes, and tell stories about the religion of people, as well as everything else: how the Saviour himself had been abused and reviled and buffeted, and at last put to death by the Jews, in consequence, as he divinely expressed it on the cross, of their “not knowing what they did:” how the descendants of those very Jews were formerly believed by the English people to kill and eat little boys, like the ghost that Esther had so foolishly talked of, though the great man, called Oliver Cromwell, of whom he must have heard so much to his praise and glory, had thought fit in these latter times to think of getting them together, and giving them a church to pray in:

how Protestants had put men to death for not being of the same mind as they, an example of which he instanced in a great preacher at Geneva, who ordered a Spaniard to be burnt for it, (the good Jesuit here contrived to say as little further about stakes as need be); and finally, how at that very moment, he knew of a man full of kind-heartedness, a most excellent man, a lover of little children, and a helper of the weak and poor, who was forced to hide the charitable actions he performed, nay, who was compelled, with the tears in his eyes, to beg the very poor whom he assisted to say nothing about it, lest such of the English as had been led to think ill of Catholics, should find it out and kill him; for to say the truth, this good man he spoke of was himself a Catholic.

The boy expressed his surprise at all this, saying that he never could have believed it, had not so good a gentleman told him; and adding, that he wondered the poor people, who must know the other gentleman's kindness, did not tell everybody, and so convince them.

“ Ah,” said the Jesuit, “ but everybody is not

so clever and kind-hearted as my little Philip; and therefore they are not so ready to abandon a foolish thought in which they have been nurtured. They would only go and tell the gentleman's name to his enemies, and so have him killed. You would not do this?"

"I'd die first," cried the boy, stamping his little foot.

Father Waring saw the reliance he could place on this spirit; and stopping and seating himself on a bench at the foot of a tree, and looking the boy in the face, he said, "Suppose, Philip, I were a Catholic."

"You!" cried the boy smiling, but changing colour:—"Ah, I dare say a Catholic may do kind things, since you tell me so: but you do nothing but kind ones."

"Allowing that to be true, yet suppose nevertheless that I were still a Catholic? These arms, which have so often embraced you, you would not like to see bound in fetters by a jailer? This neck, around which your own arms were thrown when you recovered from the fit of sickness, on

your first coming, you would not bear to see chopped in two, and perhaps the poor pale head smitten on the cheek?"

"Oh," cried Philip, "do not talk so. I cannot bear to think of it."

"And you would die, sooner than go and tell of me?"

"I'd die a hundred times over; and they should smite my head on the cheek too, though it is very dreadful to think of."

"My dear child, I *am* a Catholic."

"Is it true?" said the boy, instinctively retreating, and looking at him, as if he would nevertheless have avoided him, like a person fascinated.

"The child is shocked," cried poor Father Waring; and he turned aside, putting his hands before his face.

Philip leaped to him, pulled down his hands, and looked him in the weeping eyes. "Forgive me," cried he, "'tis all Esther's fault. I am growing more sensible, you know, every day; and I read Plutarch, and know that there were good men among the heathen: and I am sure—oh, I am sure—(returning the Father's embrace as he said it)—that

a Catholic may be a very, very good man. So do not cry. I never saw a man cry before, and it is very terrible."

There was now complete confidence between the tutor and his pupil, in all that related to the Father himself. The secret of the family he did not think he had a right to disclose: and as inquiries soon afterwards began to be made about them, and they thought proper to change their quarters, he went also into another part of the country, in order to diminish the trace of connexion between all parties. Philip was then taken back to his father's, but not before the Jesuit had contrived to go there himself in disguise, and in an interview with Lady Herne, disclose to her the blessed prospect of her child's openness to conviction.

The boy was greatly affected, on learning from his mother, that she too was a Catholic. Tenderness, pride, and the imperative necessity, as she thought, of delaying no longer the chances of his eternal welfare, prompted her to this step; but the calculation she had made on his filial readiness to think like herself, turned out to be unfounded, for reasons before mentioned. It is not to be sup-

posed, that he hesitated on points of controversy; or that, as a devout Christian of some sort, (for between Esther's folly and Sir Edward's carelessness, it was not very clear what sort of Christianity it was) he was not equally prepared to be Catholic or Protestant, according as his affections might incline him; but he had been so often told of the impossibility of Catholics to be saved, that after giving up this prejudice to the demands of their reasoning, he was not prepared to concede to them the very same right of exclusion against the Protestants; and Lady Herne, in the heat and anger of her arguments, on finding an unexpected difficulty in her way, threw him out in his willingness to oblige her, by a transport of weakness, which she afterwards bitterly repeated. She held the boy at arm's length, looked him in the face, with an expression of horror, part of which was affected, and pushing him scornfully from her, called him a little obstinate heretic; adding, that he would go with all other heretics, and Esther, and the wicked playfellow they had brought him, into the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

This playfellow was a little girl, the daughter of

one of his father's Parliamentary friends. The boy bent his forehead downwards, in the premature meditation to which he had been accustomed, and after a moment's pause, said, "I am very sorry, dear mother, that you should be so angry with me; but what you say is impossible. God is too good."

He would answer nothing but this, to all that she said to him for weeks afterwards; and the answer was invariably worded in the same manner: "What you say" (meaning, that Protestants would be eternally punished for differing with Catholics), "is impossible. God is too good."

The priests concealed in the house, on being told by her ladyship of these frightful responses, rebuked her haste and imprudence. This threw her into a transport of penitential tears; and, glad to be assured that the fondness natural to her would still effect her purpose, she did nothing but caress and fondle the child, and try to unsay, without absolutely doing so, the words which occasioned so much mischief. Father Waring, who had now been added to the number of the concealed, saw that the task of making a proselyte had better be taken out of her hands. He disclosed

himself to the boy, who was delighted to see him : he affected, now he was entering his teens, to consider him as at a time of life when he had a right to demand every confidence : and, after asking permission of the brethren, who gave it him with God's blessing and the spirit of so many martyrs (such indeed as they were prepared to shew themselves), he opened him the doors of the old dreaded chambers, and introduced him to mild and fatherly men like himself, whom he described as having double his goodness.

This was like making the boy acquainted with a new world ; and he could not but feel, that the necessity of secreting itself in this manner, was not to the credit of the old one. But sudden and great experiences are apt to carry thoughts further than people intend they should go. I have had occasion to learn this myself, even in the course of my lighter existence ; and my friend Philip was a thinker, at an age when I thought of nothing but how to get through my lesson, and rush out of doors to play. As he had proved himself a man in keeping a secret, and daily proved it, so he now exhibited a premature manhood in calm-

ness and strength of argument; but his imagination was as extreme as ever, perhaps more so, and his sensibility was proportionate. It was therefore resolved by the good fathers to make a grand, overwhelming appeal to his sensibility and imagination. They were qualities that had been old allies of their religion; a soul was to be saved, fit to enjoy them in all their sacred beauty; and a new danger was to be thought nothing of, in bringing the bright vision into play. Heaven, it was resolved, should become visible in the house. The kind hostess would think herself repaid for all her good offices by the sight; to say nothing of the purpose it had in view; and should a beam of the sacred vision escape to the common world and betray them, what signified the sending half a dozen souls to heaven, provided one other accompanied them, who without the hazard would have been lost.

Thus reasoned the kind fathers, chiefly Irishmen, and sanguine by temperament as well as belief. Some small ladders were procured from time to time, and fastened together, so as to enable the operator to command the walls of the chapel;

two or three friends came to assist; and, instead of the tall dreary room, "walled" about with pretended "disrespect," which a skylight served only to show in its nakedness, when the inmates of the two houses assembled at mass, a scene was to be set forth, which a lively and affectionate spirit should have reason to take for a piece of heaven itself, especially when harps should sound, and odours be inhaled like the airs of Paradise. It may be as well to add, as some further excuse for the risk which the good fathers ran, that the season of persecution just then had become comparatively mild, and that the most sanguine among them believed even a new period to be approaching. Perhaps also, among other motives of which they were not so conscious, or at any rate did not choose to avow to themselves, the having something to do was none of the least.

The house next to that of Sir Edward, or I should now say of Sir Philip Herne, was the middle one of three, situate between Drury House and Lincoln's Inn Fields, near the Duke's Theatre, and looking at the back into the garden of my Lord Craven. The chapel was on the same side, oc-

cupying a part of the building which was lower than the rest, and admitting light from above. Instead of wainscot or tapestry, the walls, divided by partitions of common wood, appeared to have nothing over them but a wash of plaster, broken into patches here and there, and presenting a desolate spectacle. But this was artificially contrived; for in reality, the piers, thus divided, consisted of squares of washed canvass ingeniously fitted together, and concealing a wainscoting of beautiful walnut. The first occupier of the house, who built and was proprietor of all three, had taken these means of at once obscuring and preserving the room, when the persecutions against his faith originally broke out. The squares, though admirably adapted to deceive the eye, could easily be removed; and it was his intention, had he lived till the arrival of a better period, to occasion a surprise to the faithful, not unressembling a miracle, by admitting them to the spectacle of the dilapidation at break of day, and to that of the restored beauties of the room an hour or two afterwards. This marvel it was now the intention of the inmates to put in practice.

But the beauty, thus concealed, was not confined to mere wood, however polished and finely grained. On the side, where the steps remained that shewed the place of the altar, and where a large draperied table was set with great labour and trouble, whenever mass was performed, there was a mystery behind the canvas, towards which such of the worshippers as had seen it, still bent the eyes of their imagination, deriving a sacred pleasure, almost as lively as if the sight were visible. This was a Paradise, as it is called, or representation of the beatific vision, personified by the holy sacrament amidst circles of angels. It was built up of painting and wax-work, aided by every illusion of perspective, and was copied from a work, said to have been designed by the famous sculptor Torrigiano. (I repeat all these Catholic details for the benefit of my children, and for such of you as go too little to Chapel.)

Supposing the frames to be removed in this quarter, a curtain became visible, divided in two, reaching from the ceiling to the place of the altar, and of a width handsomely proportionate to the

height. The touching of the spring, on either side, would draw back the two draperies, which receding into cases prepared for them, left the folds of two others visible, each collected by the hands of a gigantic angel in wax work, so that the curtain seemed to have been withdrawn by celestial means. The recess contained clouds, both relieved and painted; angels of all sizes, placed according to the rules of perspective, and proportionate to their distances: and saints and blessed spirits, many of them children, embraced and welcomed by their younger winged brethren. At the lower part of the scene, the clouds appeared to be almost bursting into the chapel, as if driven at once downward and forward by the sudden opening of Paradise. Angels with fervid eyes, too happy for smiling, looked over them, as if into the eyes of the spectators, inviting them into their state of bliss. An interval was occupied by others, ascending and descending, the distance being managed so as to appear wonderfully great. Over this was the heaven of the blessed spirits, newly arrived; and above and behind these, began circles of angels, with harps and palm-branches,

looking away from the spectator to a distance more wonderful. These circles, quitting the more gorgeous colours of red and blue, with which the background and other parts of the scene were adorned, went thickening inwards into that heavenly depth, in the manner of a stupendous rose, white but yet with a roseate tinge; and the point of the flower consisted of the beatific vision above-mentioned, consisting of a sacrament or wafer of gold, set in a circle of intense red colour, bursting with golden beams, so that the sacred mystery appeared on fire. When music played in the chapel, with a curtain behind it, especially when it played softly, it seemed as if the angels themselves were the performers; and when loud, as if heaven and earth were lifting up their voices together. Nor could a spectator of any enthusiasm, however accustomed to the spectacle, help being affected by it on repetition, or feeling as if the very springs of his heart were touched, like those that sent the tears into his eyes.

Before the boy, who was now upwards of fourteen years of age, was let into the beatitude of this spectacle, measures were taken to prepare him

for it. . He was made acquainted with everything that could tell in favour of the Catholic religion, while the harsher parts it were studiously kept out of sight. The pleasant side of the dwelling place was thrown open; not a word was said of the dungeons. Nothing damnatory, nothing bigoted, nothing intolerant made its appearance. Tertullian was not to be found in that mild vestibule. On the other hand, everything conciliating and seductive was brought forward; "whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were of good report." All the common-places of life seemed to be turned into something angelical. As Philip now slept up stairs in the room next his mother, on the plea that she needed somebody like a man to be near her, since her husband was gone, one of the good fathers who played on the lute waked him of a morning with a soft and sacred prelude, at the end of which he heard his mother's voice rising tenderly, though feebly, in honor of the child-loving Virgin. He found roses on his table, which had been set before the Virgin's picture; "there was no harm in that;" and his chamber was solemnly

blessed, with a like apology. To deny such good offices, merely because they were well intended, would have been ill-natured; and thus good-nature itself was enlisted on the side of the faith. It would have been touching, under any circumstances, to see grown and fatherly men thus waiting on a boy. To contest the point with them would only have rendered it more so. A crucifix was hung up in his chamber, admirably sculptured. It was a symbol forbidden by the Protestants, yet surely it was that of the divinest action ever performed on earth. Thus the Catholics seemed to love and venerate divine actions, to an extent unknown by their enemies. For his Latin lesson, besides portions of Thomas à Kempis' *De Imitatione Christi*, the noblest passages were set before him out of St Augustin; and few writers have nobler. He read French in the letters of St Francis de Sales, famous for converting the crabbedest of the reformed church; and he was made acquainted with the Spanish tongue, by means of the seraphical St Theresa, whose history soon produced in him a confusion of ideas respecting earthly and heavenly love, more conve-

nient as a means of unsettling his mind in general, than safe for his time of life. Nor were the flowers of heathen genius omitted, though with the canker (as the good fathers thought) cut out. Whatever was to be the case with regard to Catholicism, to love he was an ardent convert; and such he would have been, had there been no such person as St Theresa. There were Theresas among the Presbyterians, as loving, if not as seraphical, as any. One of these had already made him a proselyte, as will be seen presently; and Father Preston, who ventured further in this track of discipline than his brother Waring would have done, little suspected that the glowing praises bestowed by his pupil on the fair Spaniard, had an eye to an image of her in an English cap and pinner. They had hung up beside his bed a picture of St Theresa, as she is usually represented, with a seraph holding a dart beside her. In the face of the Saint, the young novice had found a resemblance to his friend in the cap and pinner; and himself he could not help taking for the seraph. These impressions were completed by a book that had lately appeared, written by a con-

vert to the church of Rome ; to which, besides the attraction of its own merits, of the proceeding of the author, and of a most seraphical style of writing, the Puritans had given the last possible zest by an endeavour to suppress it. I allude to the Poems of Crashaw, Mr Cowley's friend ; a man of genius, though perhaps a little weak, who a few years afterwards died at Loretto, where he had become an officer of the famous Flying Chapel. In Crashaw, Sir Philip thought he had found a worthy lover of St Theresa ; and accordingly, Miss Fleming and he, the poet and the saint, and St Alexias and his bride, made up a singular confusion of one another in his imagination, all denying themselves their earthly love, only to be able to accord the more vehemently ; and desiring nothing so much as martyrdom, purely because the joys of it were described in language the least resembling a spirit of self-sacrifice.

Philip had been taken several times into the next house, to hear a Catholic sermon, and to witness the performance of mass. He expressed great pleasure at it, smiling at his former fears of " the white man," especially when he saw his

friend, Mr Waring, invested with the awful drapery. It cost him, however, some struggles at first; and nothing could make him declare himself a Catholic, unless his old friends the Protestants could be guaranteed from eternal reprobation. In vain, it was argued, that they might repent at their last hour; that a single instant sufficed for confession; and that it was impossible to say to what helps the divine goodness might not condescend at that awful moment. Philip could not understand how the necessity itself was compatible with the divine goodness. He was told, that thousands of Protestants were doubtless converted at that moment; nay, perhaps the far greater portion. "But are there any," said he, "that still remain Protestants, and suffer the dreadful doom for it? Is there a single one?"

"Assuredly. It is doubtless too true; instances have even been known, in which the obdurate men shut their souls to conviction at that very moment, and died in their impenitence. They have gloried in it."

"And these men were good?"

"It was said so."

“Do you think so?”

“They have done good deeds.”

“Were their deeds like those which made me believe in the existence of good Catholics? Were they kind to the poor? Did they visit the sick and fatherless?”

“Yes; but the same deeds may be performed from different motives.”

“That may be; but who is to say that the motives of Protestants in doing good, are worse than those of the Catholics? Who is to say that Father Waring was kind when he helped the poor traveller, like the good Samaritan you preached of, and that the same action is not equally kind in a Protestant? Why, the good Samaritan himself was not even a Christian, and yet our Lord praised him.”

“He had not had the benefit of the light, which was then rising on the Gentiles. It is conceded, my child, that heretics may do good deeds; they may evince charity, and they may possess hope; but without faith, without a right belief in the truth, (and truth can be but one truth, it cannot be at once a truth and a lie), God, in the depth

of his wisdom, has decreed that they shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Men may wonder; may implore; may be terrified. The more terrified the better, if it makes them reflect. But it is not for weak and erring creatures to contest the judgments of the All-Wise. The angels themselves cannot fathom them."

"No," said the young Protestant; "I have often heard you say as much; and therefore, I tell you this" (raising his voice, and glowing with as peremptory a fervour as any Independent of his father's acquaintance): "that if an angel himself were to come down from heaven, and tell me that Protestants are to be damned, I should say, I will not believe it. I can sooner believe an angel mistaken, than God barbarous."

These bold and passionate decisions, in which the conferences of the good fathers with their pupil were sure to terminate, threw our little conclave into tremors of mingled sorrow and anger. Kind counsels however predominated, for many reasons; chiefly because the majority were of kind natures. Accordingly, every tender method was to be adopted, to the exclusion of all others; and

a noviciate of sweets was to be carried to its height and beauty, in the spectacle before announced.

A few hours previous to its taking place, Philip was led, as if by chance, into the next house, and shewn the chapel in all its desolation. The table was not even there for the altar, nor a single piece of drapery. The walls appeared in their squalid nakedness, looking the more melancholy for a cloudy day. There was a dead silence; and as his mother sighed deeply, the youth called to mind the splendours of which he had heard, as formerly investing the chapel; and could not help sympathyzing more than usual with a fallen faith. The secret, however, of the real state of the walls was not withheld from him. Lady Herne, divided between her wish to overwhelm him with the full tide of religious joy, and the dread of its affecting him too much, not unmixed with a doubt of what his after feelings might be, when he should find out the deception, had been easily persuaded by the Jesuits to forego the hazard of it. Philip was told, in general terms, both of the concealed wainscoting and of the altar-

piece. It was justly concluded, that the surprise would far surpass anything he could have conceived.

In about three hours after this visit, Lady Herne invited him to attend her to mass. She prayed before she went, in his presence, kneeling under a picture of the Virgin, and "imploring the Mother of Mothers to look down with pity on this dear child, so fitted by the virtues of his heart to be made a companion of angels." She then rose, and kissing him with the most touching emotion on the forehead and either cheek, grasped his hand, and descended with him by the secret staircase.

She stopped a moment and listened at the chapel door. There was a low sound of music.

"'Tis very beautiful," said Philip; "but is it not perilous? I thought they were fearful of being heard."

"God hears, as well as man, my child," answered his mother; "and God will do what seems good to him, whether for our safety or tribulation. Greater risks have been run by the pious, for a less object. We have hitherto

abstained from music, rather to assure one another and to show how many consolations we can give up, than from any direct sense of peril. The walls of these houses are very thick; and the sound is scarcely greater than the good father's lute, that woke you of a morning."

The music was a beautiful strain of Palestrina's, accompanied by two or three soft instruments, and it was suddenly joined by the voice of a female. This was a lady who had come to assist her friends in the good work, not without a strong sense of hazard. Another voice, equally touching, mingled with it after a bar or two.

"'Tis like standing at the door of Heaven," said Philip, considerably moved.

"Thanks, my child, for those blessed words!" whispered his mother. [She was in a state of glowing exaltation]. "Presently you will see Heaven, as well as hear it."

She raised to her lips the hand which she retained in her grasp, and kissing it fervently, and looking in his eyes, with an air of joyful announcement, lifted a curtain, and led him in.

Though the curtain over the altar still concealed

the vision of heaven, the chapel, as it now presented itself, was in a condition highly calculated to affect a less imaginative person than my friend. The sordid and patched wall had disappeared as if by magic, and was displaced by a polished surface of walnut. The weather itself was growing finer, with blue sky after rain, though there was no chance that the sun would be high enough to intrude with its direct beams. Wax candles, apparently of an enormous size, though in reality inserted in cylinders of painted wood, stood lighted on the altar, typical of the seraphs that minister about the throne of grace. The altar, as well as the low benches that ascended to it by way of steps, was covered with drapery; and on either side of it, covered in like manner, and apparently balustraded with silver, was an elevation, projecting into the chapel. One of these, surmounted with a green curtain, which concealed them from the spectator, contained the singers; the other, with the curtain thrown open, presented the pulpit, the occupier of which, when he delivered his sermon, stood sideways to the altar. On the steps of the altar officiated some of the good fathers, assisted by

youths of great beauty, none of them so old as Philip (such a school of secrecy was this). One of the youths bore a censer of perfume; and the charm of this soft and lovely commencement, touched with music and odours, and waited upon by devout expectation, was completed by the very mystery of the curtain, which concealed the final reward of the righteous.

Philip gazed around him in a state of acknowledged delight. He was almost prepared to think the suddenness of the alteration a miracle. His mother blessed him once more; and turning for a moment, with an expressive clasp of her hands, towards the friends behind her, (for the young baronet occupied the chief seat in front), retreated as inwardly into her devotions as she could well manage.

The service was varied that day from its usual forms, to suit the occasion. The voices of the singers were hushed soon after the entrance of the lady and her son. A preacher then mounted the pulpit, and set forth the expectations of the faithful, and the blessings they were to enjoy in Paradise; dwelling particularly on the love and tenderness of

the angels one to another, and the special acceptability of the young and innocent. Mass was then performed. The bell which announces the presence of the Divine Being, commenced its silver ringing; every one bowed down, (a ceremony in which Philip had never refused to join), and at the close of it, on raising their eyes, the congregation beheld the curtains, that is to say, the heavens, thrown open, and the angels worshipping the sacred mystery. It seemed as if the presence that had just quitted them, had on the instant returned above, and placed itself at the point of adoration. At the same time a double perfume rose from the censer; and the music and voices recommencing with a softness that sounded remote, the celestial choir seemed actually to become audible.

The young and imaginative person for whom this scene was got up, was greatly affected. His teachers, who had been unable to visit him with the darker notions of their creed, found him an easy recipient for their heavenly ones, at least in spirit. A place in which trouble should find repose, and love its loving reward, appeared to him the most reasonable of all things; and as he had

been in the habit of indulging visions of it, modified by those of his Catholic friend Crashaw, and his Independent and classical friend Milton, (whose *Comus* and *Pensieroso* had not then been followed by the *Paradise Lost*), he now saw before him a picture of their fairest conceptions, so lively and so substantially embodied, as to make it a matter of some difficulty not to take it for real.

“The gigantic angels,” says my friend’s manuscript, “who were represented as having withdrawn the curtains, and were now seen holding them in their hands, and looking into the chapel among the spectators, seemed actually to have performed that office. Those who were discerned midway between heaven and earth, seemed as if the sound of the heavenly harps, and the opening of the skies, had arrested them in rapture on the wing. The blessed spirits, embracing one another, were in stationary postures, though full of life; and the hierarchies of cherubim and seraphim, of thrones, dominations, and powers, which were all occupied in one transport of worship towards the ineffable object of their love, appeared to be suspended in extacy, while only a small and chosen

choir interrupted the universal stillness, like a rill in the noon of Paradise."

When Sir Philip had recovered his first astonishment, he called to mind a passage in his friend Crashaw, and owned to himself that he thought it just:—

“ Rise, then, immortal maid ! Religion, rise !
Put on thyself in thine own looks. To our eyes
Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made thee,
Such as (ere our dark sins to dust betrayed thee),
Heaven let thee down new drest, when thy bright birth
Shot thee, like lightning, to the astonish'd earth.
From the dawn of thy fair eyelids wipe away
Dull mists and melancholy clouds. Take day
And thine own beams about thee ; bring the best
Of whatsoe'er perfum'd thy eastern nest :
Girt all thy glories to thee, then sit down,
Open thy book, fair Queen, and take thy crown.

“ God's services no longer shall put on
A sluttishness for pure religion ;
No more the hypocrite shall the upright be,
Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee :
Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes,
Baked in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice :
Nor with a mean pretence, quenching the flame
Of love in love's own house, swell out a name

Of faith, a mountain word, made up of air,
With those dear spoils that wont to dress the fair
And fruitful Charity's full breasts of old,
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.

Oh what can the poor look for, when we be
Uncharitable e'en to Charity?"

As my friend gazed on, occupied with these reflections, and willing to divide with them a spectacle, which he would have thought unobjectionably beautiful, but for one point, (and this he could not help thinking both presumptuous and poor,) he was addressed in a whisper by his mother. He had not observed, that, in the fervour of her delight at a scene far surpassing her most sanguine expectations, she had with difficulty kept herself from swooning. He guessed the emotion she had endured, by the trembling and faintness of her whisper.

"What think you of this, my child? Is it not heaven itself?"

"'Tis supremely beautiful," answered Sir Philip.

"Oh, my dear mother, if your faith had nothing in it but such beauties as these—"

"It *has* nothing else, to angels and blessed

and after dinner, till cards. The other, speaking of the chapel, lamented that it was no warmer; adding, that she could scarcely think of the notes before her, her feet were so cold. She also complained, that she had not seen "a bit of the Paradise." Sir Philip felt, that these were just topics of lamentation; but where, thought he, is the seraphical ardour?

There was a third lady a little more seraphical, but hardly in the right way. She was also pretty. She was fond of expressing her admiration of Mr Crashaw, and her astonishment at Miss Fleming's not liking him better. The fair Puritan had not indeed professed to dislike him; but her approbation, however lively, was nothing compared with that of the Catholic. The latter, a buxom dame between thirty and forty, with a high colour and long black eyes, dwelt on the beauties of this and that verse, with a relish and a nicety of discrimination, equalled only by that with which she expatiated on a good dish. Her Ladyship (for she was a baron's wife) had one day a dispute with Miss Fleming, on the meaning of one of the poet's metaphors. The

dispute grew warm: Sir Philip thought Miss Fleming in the wrong, and as both the fair disputants appealed to him for his judgment, he was forced to say so. Lady M. affected great moderation, as the person triumphant; her opponent, detecting the affectation, was the more vexed; and Sir Philip (to use his own words) completed the error of all parties, by throwing in a remark or two, which increased the vexation. "It struck me," said he, "that I had never before seen my little mistress so angry at my differing with her in opinion; and laying it to the account of love, I could not resist the temptation of saying more than I thought, in order to heighten her anger and her colour, the trophies, as they appeared to me, of the impression my love made." He went so far in this new pleasure of provocation, that they parted, in real anger on her side, and a greater pretence of it upon his.

It was the last time Miss Fleming appeared in the house. Her father, immediately afterwards, forbade her visits, and she was almost as speedily married to a Puritan, who turned out a great profligate, and was thought to have broken her heart.

Sir Philip never thought that the love was as great on her side as on his own. He was not sure, that there had been any real love at all; but so tender-conscienced had circumstances conspired to make him, that overlooking his own doubts, and the fact of her having married so soon after her departure, he still, he said, felt occasional uneasiness at the recollection, purely because he could not be sure, that he had not contributed to make her unhappy. Such was the case, that was to be a parallel to my treatment of Miss Randolph. I felt that this was a much more excusable one; that, in fact, there was nothing in it; and although this reflection made me think the worse, for a moment, of myself, I wondered to consider what two thin-skinned consciences our religious mothers had given us, and felt mightily inclined to be ashamed for both. Sir Philip afterwards rallied with me on the same point; but, he added, with a tranquil gravity, that if it were not for such niceties here and there, principles themselves would lose their advocates, and the world be nothing but a mass of blind vigour, and helpless victims to it. "Mankind," said he, "can-

not at once know, and act as if they knew nothing. They are greatly perplexed, it is true, between a little knowledge and much instinct; and the former seems only, in many instances, to be a sickly impatience. But there it is, and we must make the best of it. Perhaps it is something that will lead us into a better state of health." I confess it was a long time before I could enter into these metaphysical subtleties; but I think I understand them now, and that my friend is right.

I have seen him rough and peremptory enough on occasion, and with as little value for a thin skin as need be. I remember one evening, Miss Stewart had hurt her hand, at Whitehall. I know not how it happened: something was said about a window; but the King and all his court were gathered in such a turmoil about the sufferer, that nothing was said or done to any purpose. She was in such pain, that a locked-jaw was apprehended. When the surgeon came, he talked of the necessity of cutting the nerve, but was afraid to do it; the presence and agitation of the King making him think the responsibility too great. He proposed to call somebody

else. "How, sir!" exclaimed my friend, who had witnessed a similar accident, and saw the urgency of the case by the man's countenance; "either do it this instant, or give me the lancet, and I will cut the nerve myself. His Majesty relieves you of all responsibility, do you not, sir?" The King assented, glad to have somebody to think for him; and the nerve was cut.

A greater instance of his firmness has been recorded in the account of the fight at sea, and there was another, which I learnt by dint of putting questions to him, long afterwards. Joking each other on the wounds we got in battle, I asked him, how it was, when Lord Falmouth and the others were killed, that he made so much of his hurt in the side, as to profess to be unable to go for the sponge and vinegar, when on my return with it from below, I found him as active as any one. He confessed, that he took advantage of it, that he might get me out of the way of the next shot or two, thinking that I was fitter than he to survive the conflict, because my life promised to be the happier one. Is it any wonder that I loved this man? or that I saw, in the most

scrupulous movements of his conscience, something worthy of the respect of the most unhesitating? No man was readier than he to suggest grounds of consolation and self-recovery, to consciences that had the smallest or the greatest need of it; yet he was as subtle, as a self-tormentor, in deprecating all merit on this account. "It is easy," said he, "to find excuses for folly, when the consequences are not to be borne by ourselves." "You would not then find the same excuses for yourself?" "Pardon me," said he, "I would; though I might not, for the same reason, be equally able to entertain them. Others find the like difficulty, which is the reason why you may safely console them. You are to suppose, however, that the regret is a proper one, and that a just knowledge of the offence implies a guard against its repetition; otherwise, nothing is so likely to sin again, as a maudlin repentance. You may repent so excessively, that you must sin again, in order to relieve yourself; just as drunkards are so sorry for their debauch, that they must drink again."

To return to my narrative. Our buxom Ca-

tholio, Lady M., undertook to console the young baronet for the loss of his mistress; and she thought she had done so. Sir Philip, indeed, was greatly inclined to love her instead, difference of years being no bar to a young passion; but the lady marred her design, by the excess of her information. In addition to surprising stories of confessions and absolutions, she made out that all the world were equally cunning, and had good reasons for being so; not omitting to insinuate, that young limbs were no better than old, and that it was foolish to believe in more virtue than was convenient. "Now," quoth Sir Philip, mentally, "here are at least two lies, to my knowledge; for I myself am not what she calls cunning, and Miss Fleming's cheek was as firm again as her's." And he glowed with vexation, to think that his new teacher, whom he was so desirous of loving, should thus attempt to impose on his understanding.

The Jesuits succeeded no better. They, in like manner, carried his insight into the world, farther than it would otherwise have gone, at that time of life; but, in coming to particular points, they

wished to stop. They wished him to have as much, and no more knowledge, than was convenient. He went farther; and their pains-taking came to nothing.

"These people," thought he, "who tell me so much ill of mankind, and yet would have me love its calumniators, are better than they pretend to be. Father Preston and Father O'Hara, who tell me I shall be damned for being a Protestant, cannot see me endure a headache without pain; and dear, foolish Lady M. who believes that nobody has more virtue than is convenient, has proved that she can hazard her life rather than betray a secret. She seems even to think nothing of this piece of virtue, though perhaps it is the sole reason for which I love her. The '*perhaps*,' " observed my friend, "was wisely added; for Lady M. was really very pretty and lively; and youth has loved upon cheaper terms."

The upshot was, that the Catholic religion appeared to him, if not a very wise or candid, yet a very good-natured religion, provided its advocates would but let it be so. This, however, they were determined it should not.

Among the priests in the next house, was one of the name of Kirkpatrick, who irritated beyond the rest by the non-success of his arguments, had often recommended something to be done *in terrorem*, in order to frighten the young heretic. This was strongly opposed both in delicacy to their kind hostess, and in the constant hope that such a measure would be found needless. Father Waring added a hint, that it would be worse than useless.

Kirkpatrick resolved to effect his purpose alone, if none would aid him. He soon found, however, one of the brethren, who affected to be won over by his reasoning. This was a Father Mansel, a personage remarkable for nothing in general but the quietness of his demeanour, and his acquiescence with the arguments of the majority. He was a short stout man, with a head drooping between his shoulders, and a cautious eye. He had been converted in early life; had been entered of the Society at the request of Henrietta Maria, consort of the late unfortunate King; and it was supposed, that there were more reasons for his quitting the Presbyterian persuasion, than he

chose to speak of. However, there was nothing to find fault with in his behaviour, unless it was that he was a little too violent in speaking against the Parliament, and somewhat fonder of his repose, at other times, than became so loud an objector. He had but lately come under her Ladyship's protection, yet had already made so much way in her good graces, by dint of eating her niceties and listening to her while she helped them, that he undertook, in case of necessity, to reconcile her to whatever salutary fright Kirkpatrick should think fit to practise upon her son. Nor did he reckon, as the phrase is, without his host; for he knew very well, what the other good fathers affected not to know, that no step could be taken, beautiful or frightful, which a zeal for the faith would not reconcile to this kind but feeble mother. He would even have told her beforehand, on the plea of being candid; that is to say, in order to bring out her cordials; but this Kirkpatrick would not allow. "Sufficient unto the day," said the good father, "is the evil thereof. If the sinner repenteth, there will be joy in heaven; if not,

let weeping and wailing be his portion, not her's."

Father Kirkpatrick, saving a little formality in his demeanour, and a confidence of decision hardly warranted by the amount of his perceptions, was a very agreeable as well as worthy man, and as charitable on ordinary occasions as the most tolerant of his brethren. No man was more ready to assist the poor, or gave them his advice in a softer and more impressive manner. He was a little too apt to think them foolish or ungrateful, if they did not abide by it exactly as he wished; nor was he fond of suspecting, that in any matter in which he had been concerned, a shadow of blame could rest with himself. Above all, nobody conceived it possible that he could be a traitor or an apostate; nor was it. "Out of this character," said Sir Philip, "come martyrs, and the makers of martyrs, not perhaps the best of the one, or the worst of the other class, but the chief of the second among both. He now thought it incumbent upon him to perform a very cruel operation on my fancy; and he did not spare it."

I once heard a young fellow cry out, when the mob were dragging a suspected papist out of a hedge-alehouse next door to St Pancras Church—

“ Wherever God erects a house of pray’r,
The Devil as surely builds a chapel there.”

This, whether intended to be applied to the papist, or the alehouse, produced a hearty laugh. It was verified in what I am about to relate. *

Father Kirkpatrick, in one of his disputes with his young host, had taunted him with a singular offence; namely, that he was *afraid* to think of the eternal punishment of heretics. Sir Philip’s imaginative temperament made him jealous of his reputation for courage; and though the argument was every way absurd, especially in the mouth of one who was always appealing to his fears, and quoting the text in which fear itself is said to be

* Perhaps the young fellow here mentioned was De Foe. He was a warm politician at an early period of life, and bore arms under the Duke of Monmouth. At all events, the couplet here mentioned appeared some years afterwards, as the exordium of a poem written by the author of *Robinson Crusoe*.—*Edit.*

the beginning of wisdom, he was induced to reply, that he dared any argument on the subject however terrible. Sir Philip has since remarked to me, how weak was this appeal to his weakness, and how easily he could have refuted it, had he been a few years older: for the worse the threat against the Protestant, the less honour it did to the Catholic notion of the Divine Being; and what was to be thought of a system, the doctrines of which were only endurable by thoughtlessness or want of feeling? If they could alarm only to a certain extent and for salutary purposes, so far so good, provided that worldliness and hypocrisy had nothing to do with their inculcation, and that there was no reaction of disproof, tending to separate the interests of faith and morality. But the moment that wise men came to deny, good men to abhor, and multitudes to scorn and give up, there was an end of all grounds of the very pretence. "Besides," said he, "I could have told him, that the argument of being afraid would better suit him than myself; for I dared to call in question, in behalf of my Protestant brethren, what he considered as the most terrible of certainties."

"I was too young then," concluded my friend, "for these reflections. I could only anticipate them in a dim way by dint of my feelings; and I summed them all up in my old favourite word 'Impossible.' It angered the good father, as much as if I had spoken twenty treatises.

"Father Kirkpatrick," (for I shall now, for a while, continue to copy my friend's manuscript) "took me at my word. He asked me 'seeing I was so bold,' if I should have the courage to meet him in the chapel at ten o'clock at night, and there encounter, for the last time, whatsoever he had to urge upon me for the good of my soul. I told him, in the generosity of my valour, that I would encounter the whole terrors of the church, short of what I knew he had not the heart to inflict upon me; and then I thanked him for his painstaking. At the former of these sentences he seemed inclined to be angry; and shook his head, as if I did not know what I was about. At the latter, he relented, and said with a pitying voice, 'Poor boy, you know not what is in store for you.'

"There was something in this speech which I did not like. I had been early made acquainted

with the terrors of the church. The white men and scarlet women of poor Esther (though she had long 'stood confessed,' as the poets say, a silly crone) were not without their effects upon me, even at the age of sixteen. My father's Presbyterian friends would sometimes denounce the inquisition and their infernal mysteries, till my mother, out of feelings which I then took to be very different ones, wept and trembled in her chair; and she herself afterwards, from time to time, did not scruple to refer me to these awful 'suspensions of God's mercy,' — chastisements necessary for rebellious children, and inflicted for the most loving purposes. I saw, indeed, that it was all talk, and that she could not help hugging her mother's heart to think that there was no English inquisition: but on reflecting how I had mortified her and her friends, how angry Father Kirkpatrick was in particular, as well as the little sturdy convert, whom I could not help likening to a familiar, and how easy it might be to reconcile my mother to the most terrible measures, on the plea of averting a doom incomparably more terrible, I considered the matter very boldly till

nine o'clock, and then went and consulted Father Waring.

“Father and son were not words without meaning in my intercourse with this excellent man. I had learnt to love him as a real son, and he beheld in me a youth, who had derived from him almost all that he knew, and who was grateful for it. It is true, he had put some very unpleasant thoughts in my head upon subjects connected with death and futurity; but it was rather in the way of speculation than dogmatism; and nothing ever made me more sensible that we love people for their intentions towards us, united with general agreeableness of intercourse, rather than for our never having any great pains to share with them, or even for the absence of pains of their own creation. For a similar reason, I preferred Father Kirkpatrick to Mansel, though the former plagued me excessively with his eternal arguments about my eternal punishment (themselves no mean part of it;) whereas the latter was always praising and flattering me, ‘being assured that the young gentleman’s fine sense would, before long, render a thousand arguments needless.’ Even on the present

occasion he announced his approbation of the proceeding about to take place with a smile, and converted it into a compliment to my future belief. I used to picture to my imagination Kirkpatrick giving me a wrench with the thumb-screw, and turning pale at the necessity; whereas I could not help fancying, that Mansel would have gone quietly to his lobster or venison pasty, leaving me all the while on the rack.

“Father Waring relieved me at once, by saying that he should be in the chapel himself. He said, that Kirkpatrick had persuaded the others, that morning, of the necessity of what he called his ‘visible argument;’ and that, as they had agreed to be present, he had determined on not staying away. I said with a smile, (for the phrase had brought back a little of my trepidation,) that I was glad the argument was to be only visible, not tangible; and I asked if I might know what it was. I thought it was not without a look of shame, as well as regret, that he answered, he was bound not to tell me: ‘But,’ said he, ‘you need be afraid of nothing that the Society would do, or that I can witness. Besides,’ he added, ‘my dear child,

are you not our host, our generous and trusting host?—nay, answer me not:—and do you think we would turn your very generosity against you?’ I did not tell him, in reply, that the Society were not in such good repute with me as some of the members of it. I might have added, what was the only drawback on the pleasure of our intercourse, that even he, lover of truth as he was, and exactor of it in others, had not been uninfected by the Society with mental reservations, and arguments that tended to destroy the limits between truth and falsehood. However, I knew the excellence of his nature: I reposed on it; and after a few minutes’ discourse on the quietness of the night, and the beauty of the stars, I returned to my room to await my summons.

“I had an instance, as I went along, of the difficulty we experience in getting rid of the fears of childhood. Father Waring, in his paternal fondness, still called me child; but I considered myself, by this time, as a man complete, and therefore highly resented my impressions. Nevertheless, I had not got rid of them. That night, in particular, in consequence, I suppose, of what I

had been led to expect, I was more than usually sensitive to the mysteries of darkness and solitude. I had been so accustomed to look behind me on staircase and corridor, that when I resolved upon getting rid of the weakness, I could not but relapse; out of the very weakness with which I did it; for the resolution not to look, became itself a supererogation which dared me to do otherwise; and so betwixt the old fear and the new restriction, I found myself looking oftener than before, that I might not be tied to the superstition of not looking! These tricks of the apprehension will appear very ridiculous to such as have not felt them, or to those who cannot see farther than their ordinary experience: but, besides what all the world are aware of on this point, who are aware of anything, I have known one very wise, and one very brave man, who confessed that they had been often in the same predicament. I allude to Mr Hobbes and my Lord Sandwich. Mr Hobbes said, that he, of all men, was bound to laugh at such fancies, according to what was reported of him; and laugh at them he did, though not for that reason; but that habit and his nurse had been too much for

him. Lord Sandwich told me that to this day he could not go up a certain staircase at his father's house, without 'once giving a look;' though, perhaps, it was on the last step but one; and he said it made him laugh heartily one night, because he had just arrived from a dangerous cruise off the coast of Norway, and everybody had been complimenting him on his valour.

“ Well; I was thinking of these perplexities of poor humanity, and resolving this time not to oblige the nonentity who seemed hovering at my ear, and daring me to pass the next landing place without turning, when fate seemed to have resolved to alarm me, by introducing a ghost in front. It was a figure in white, a proper 'white man,' issuing from the opposite door. My heart immediately began to beat with violence; I walked steadily up to it, and met a priest who had dressed himself in his surplice for the chapel. He gave me his blessing, and we parted to meet again. This ridiculous no-adventure made me prepare to expect one of a like sort in our place of meeting, and I reached my apartments full of scorn of myself, and indignation against the inferior understandings that

could inflict so many of these tormenting absurdities on their posterity.

“I found Mansell with another priest, Father O’Hara, who with a deep air of interest, and in a hushing voice that added to the solemnity of the occasion (indeed the light but emphatic tones, and lifted eyebrows, of the good Irishman, made it appear, as the phrase is, ‘as if something was going to happen’) told me, that service waited for me to begin.

“We descended. The night appeared more than usually silent; and my companions by the extreme softness of their going, added to the sense of listening expectation. The door of the chapel was opened, then the curtain: and I found my hand warmly pressed by Father Waring, who led me to a seat. The chapel, instead of presenting either its polished wainscot, or its coat of pretended poverty, was hung with black. All the fathers were in white, presenting a ghastly contrast to the colour of the walls; and they formed, with the exception of Kirkpatrick, a semicircle about me, Father Waring remaining on my right hand. Father Kirkpatrick had mounted the pulpit.

He was sitting in a posture of inward prayer, with the sleeve of his surplice against his eyes. The candles were not lit upon the altar; nor was the green curtain visible, that covered the Paradise; the walls were black-throughout; but there stood, a little before me, a sort of bier, holding a few tapers, just sufficient to make darkness visible. These, I was informed, represented the souls of the persons present. I said in a whisper, that if that were the case, I concluded mine was of the number. The answer was in the affirmative. I was placed, not as before, in front of the Paradise, but facing the north, the altar being on my right hand.

“The silence lasted for some minutes, during which every one seemed to be occupied in prayer. It was then broken by the preacher, who going fervently on his knees, and putting his hands together, offered up with a real and touching emotion, which was not lost upon me, a special prayer for the success of their endeavours. He spoke of me in a manner that would have been more startling, but for the presence of Father Waring; that is to say, as of a beloved but

erring child, who was about to die; not, he said, in the actual body which was the first and easiest death, and which might be considered as past when I descended into that dark room now the representation of the house of mortality, but in the second and dreadful death of the soul, from which he earnestly entreated I might be saved, as a brand from the burning.

“He then took for his text the parable of the Wedding Garment; and entered upon a discourse of considerable length. It consisted of all the ablest arguments that had been adduced in favour of a one and undivisible belief, out of the pale of which it was as impossible that salvation should exist, as good out of the pale of good. I will not repeat them here, both because it is painful to repeat such melancholy sophistry, and also lest I should be thought to go as much farther than I intend, as the good father did with his Popery. Certainly he did anything but persuade me. The very alternative that he was compelled by the nature of his arguments to set before me, however contrasted with the description of the joys of heaven, and with expressions

of wonder, now affectionate and now scornful, at the possibility of their rejection by a loving and a rational soul, was, of itself, an eternal and overwhelming argument against them. My old objection, 'impossible,' seemed to be riveted more deeply at every blow. He aimed apart from it in vain; the hammer still struck there. At the same time I found it in vain to try not to be affected with his descriptions, whether celestial or otherwise; and when he alluded to me in terms of anxious affection, and drew pathetic pictures of the forlornness of a soul, left out of the congregation of friends and mothers, I wondered, for an instant, whether it was not possible, by some chain of causes, known neither to him nor myself, that so kind a man might be in the right. He made me feel very sensibly, how painful it is to contemplate one's omission at any time, or on any occasion, out of a kind and conscientious body of men, setting aside even their chances of being ultimately happier; and at these passages of his discourse I was obliged to remind myself, that there were other church-goers besides his; that the assumption of a chance in his favour did not

take away that of others; in short, that the Protestant body in England was far greater than the Catholic; and so I warmed and re-assured myself in imagination, by the press of that immense human multitude. If the Catholics were more numerous on the continent, that was a consideration too remote, and might be carried further than either side would have approved. Among the Protestants I was still at home. They were round and about me, in immense crowds, at that moment; and if my mother and Mr Waring had been but among them, I should have felt that the Catholics were cut off from me, and not I from the Catholics. In a word, the discourse of the good father was too full of assumptions of every kind; and the knowledge with which his society had provided me, enabled me to resist them.

“In the course of the sermon I found what was intended by the appearance of all my friends in their surplices. These were the wedding-garments of the text, and shadowed forth the state of beatitude, of which the hearers were to partake. My attention was directed to a like garment, which lay over the chair before me; and I was

repeatedly given to understand, that on my putting my hands to it, which was to be understood as the signal of my conversion, I should witness a sudden change, internal and external, of the most ravishing description. I learnt afterwards, that had the signal been given, the black draperies that hung around were to fall from their nails, the curtains of the Paradise to fly open, the altar start into a blaze of light, and music and hymns of triumph express the joy of heaven over the sinner that repenteth.

“As it was, the surplice was watched in vain; the preacher’s voice grew more melancholy towards the close of his sermon; nobody moved; Mr Waring did not press my hand, though I was visibly affected; and at the end of the discourse, when a pause took place, and every one bent his head in prayer, I bent likewise, with my handkerchief to my eyes, resolved to prove, both to myself and them, that in thus obstinately holding out, I was not influenced either by unsocial or irreligious feelings.

“While thus occupied, and in the middle of an intense silence, some female voices, which I could

not find in my heart to identify with my commonplace friends, began a *Miserere*, so soft and affecting, that I cannot write of it without emotion. For the moment I seemed to have done a wrong, and to require, as a criminal, the pity it implored; and in the mere softness of this fancy, which it seemed at once a pain and a pleasure to me to indulge, the tears poured down my cheeks. The pain, however, so much prevailed, that by a strong effort, I threw the blame on those about me, pitying them heartily, instead of myself; and it was at that moment that something took place in my mind, which I have noticed at the termination of severe illnesses during childhood. I mean, that I felt a singular access of knowledge or reflection, and found myself grown stronger by the weakness. My pity was without pride. I seemed to know too much to be proud of anything; but it was full of wonder; and to the thoughts that came upon me at that moment, but which I was still too young to admit in their full force, I attribute the detention of an illness upon me at the age of twenty-one, when circumstances made them haunt me for some years.

“The voices ceased for an interval, during which the preacher, assuming a more confident tone, which he intended for joy, delivered a brief but touching homily on the text, *Beati qui in domino moriuntur*. The singers took up the theme in a motett, the work of some rare Italian; and I observed that on the repetition of the word *moriuntur*, the lights on the table, one after the other, were extinguished. A movement, by the side of me, made me observe, that the good fathers, during this interval, had gradually knelt with their faces to the ground. On the extinction of all but one (which, not without anxiety, I concluded to represent my own spirit), the altar suddenly burst into a blaze of light, the fathers arose, and the curtains of the Paradise flying back, I beheld the beatific state into which all but myself were supposed to have been received. A noble *Magnificat* ensued, the composition of Palestrina: instrumental music fell in with the voices; and, with the exception of the forlorn Philip, everybody was understood to be in a state of triumphant rapture. In a little while, the music ceased; the Paradise was shut up; the blaze of the

altar was quenched. At this juncture, I heard Father Waring, in spite of his celestial happiness, give an earthly and profound sigh.

“ If anything could have made me forego my sense of duty, it was a sound like this ; nor was it the less impressive, in appearing to me to contain more of earthly sympathy, than of religious zeal. Indeed, I know not how far the claims of ordinary good-nature, and the wish to please, might not have gone with me at that time of life, either had it been possible to keep the minacious part of the doctrine out of the way, or had my friends been content to sophisticate as much on that point, as they certainly did on others. But zeal made the cleverest of them indiscreet, with the exception of Father Waring. I believe I should say, he was too kind to dwell upon what he could not help taking for unkindly doctrines. I had afterwards good reason to suspect that had not the Society been in trouble, and himself hampered with many ties to it, he would have been as glad as myself to extricate Catholicism from its drawbacks, and retain nothing but what adorned and honoured it. But Father Kirkpatrick would hear of no com-

promises. 'Buy the truth,' said he, 'and sell it not.' 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but one jot or one tittle of what I have said shall not pass away.' 'The Lord will cut off all flattering lips.' 'If any man shall take away from this writing the words of the book of prophecy, God shall take away his name out of the book of life.' And so with these and many other texts, losing sight of their particular application, and all else which qualified their meaning, the good father at once contradicted half his own measures, and put an end to all chance of converting me.

"When the preacher gave out his text of the Wedding Garment, he had not repeated the whole parable. He concluded with the passage, where the guests were assembled. He now took up the verse, at which he had left off.

"And when the King came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment:

"And he said unto him: Friend, how camest thou hither, not having on a wedding garment: and he was *speechless*.

"Then said the King to his servants, Bind

him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

“ ‘For many are called, but few are chosen.’

“At these alarming directions, I began to fear that the fathers, in their loving kindness, might intend some experiments upon me, not very suitable to any of us. I was preparing to resist them accordingly, when Mansel got up, and transferred the taper, that represented me, to the opposite side of the chapel, where it stood, twinkling in solitary dimness, and looking, I must say, very like what it was intended to symbolize. Father Waring, at the same time, again made me sensible of the pressure of his hand.

“ ‘Encourage him not in his error, Brother Waring,’ said the preacher. ‘Think you that mine own bowels yearn not towards him, even as a father’s towards his child; more especially seeing, that he is about to behold an image of the dreadfulfulness of the second death? O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen doth gather her

brood under her wings, and ye would not ! Know you not the text which says ; ‘ He that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me ? ’ Surely I will do that which I am called to do ; and nothing shall hinder me in the work of the Lord.’

“ Father Waring was about to make some reply, when I pressed his hand in return, to signify that I was prepared for whatever might be shewn me, and that we had better remain in silence to the end. He answered the pressure by another, as if to thank me ; and then let my hand go.

“ A portion of the black drapery on the wall opposite the Paradise, was now withdrawn : a grinding noise ensued, as of gates revolving on their hinges, and a spectacle became visible, the existence of which would certainly never have been dreamt of under that roof. It seems, that the founder of the diviner show thought fit to add the present one, by the same hand, in order to furnish a contrast that might be exhibited for greater edification at certain penitential seasons. My first feeling on beholding it, was a violent effort to resist the impression it was so well cal-

culated to make upon the imagination ; my second was an acquiescence in the impression, for the sake of neutralizing it : my third was a mixture of horror, indignation, and scorn, to think that any one set of believers should arrogate to themselves the right of exercising so profane a threat over another.

“ It will be recollected, that the *Paradise* was copied from a fine work, said to be the composition of no less an artist than *Torregiano*. The present was a copy of another work, of similar repute ; and as a production of art, it amply deserved it. The great Italian poet, of whom I have heard Mr *Milton* speak, could not have surpassed it in horror. Perhaps he furnished some of the imagery. Similar spectacles, upon a greater and still more awful scale, the scene taking place in the open air, were not uncommon at a former period in the cities of Italy. They were also known to the Spanish, and even to the old English stage ; at least when religious mysteries were performed among us ; and I have seen pictures to the same purpose, hung out over the church-doors in *Genoa* and *Milan*.

“Imagine a masterly composition in wax and other materials, assisted like that of the Paradise by all the illusions of light and perspective (for there were lights in the inside,) and presenting to the spectators a lively picture of the terrors denounced against sin and heresy in the next world. As two angels appeared to undraw the curtains concealing the state of bliss, so two others, with looks equally earnest, but most melancholy, seemed to have descended from heaven to perform the like office for this opening of the gulph of perdition. The scene (and you will bear in mind, that being thrown to a great distance, the figures, however small, appeared of the size of life,) consisted of a lake at once black and fiery, hemmed in by pallid rocks. Into this lake, from a stormy sky, and pursued by angelical faces and a rain of fire, fell a multitude of naked human beings, some alone, some looking frantically upward, others more frantically on the gulf beneath, many linked together from the top of the scene to the bottom, and in vain essaying to remount by each other's limbs. Here were lovers turning from one another, as they descended, with an aversion more

horrible than the torments they were about to experience; there, old people tearing their grey hairs; there beautiful women, trampled and plunged upon by demons with pitchforks; there, mothers and fathers offering to give up their heretical children to the angels their pursuers, who repelled them with eyes of scorn. Scenes of the like nature were observable by the rocks that bordered the lake, black demons, who glowed with a fire of their own, thrusting and pronging back the sufferers who attempted to get out. In the lake itself, the groups that were visible did not seem correspondent in magnitude to the numbers coming down; but on looking more narrowly, and wondering what that innumerable scatter of something white consisted of, as if the gulf had been sprinkled all over with the leaves of some pale tree, you discerned, that it was a mass of myriads of human hands, clasped together, and praying in agony out of the burning pitch.

“ I will not enter further into these horrible details, especially as one thing remains to be told which doubled their horror, and completed the indignation that was rising within me. At the

turning of some machine, the whole of this infernal spectacle was set in motion; and as if my ears had suddenly been thrown open, I heard, as from the distance, the cries of the voices, and the clapping of the hands. You know how loud and multitudinous a small sound will appear, if believed to be remote. The present sounded in my imagination like that of millions in agony.

“ I could contain no longer. Fear and loathing conspired to wind up my anger to a pitch of frenzy, and I was rising to cry out against the profanation, when a voice arrested me from above, in a tone that I shall never forget. ‘ Horrible wickedness!’ it cried, ‘ Most accursed blasphemy!’ The sound came with a certain dimness to my ears; but still very distinctly. The fathers were in confusion.

“ I had scarcely known, for the moment, whether to apply this denouncement to those about me or to myself, but another moment undeceived me; for a great crash proclaimed the destruction of the skylight, and in louder tones there burst in upon our ears, ‘ Horrible impiety!’ ‘ Detestable and

blasphemous wretches! To the Clink with 'em! To the Clink!" A throng of heads looked in upon us, talking and crying out.

"The name of the prison-house to which papists were sent, explained all. I proposed to retire instantly to our places of concealment; and said that I would go forth to the people, if necessary.

" 'It is of no use now,' said Father Waring, 'we are betrayed. Where is Father Mansell?'

"Father Mansell was not to be seen. He had set open the infernal exhibition. He now left others to close it.

" 'This unhappy sight!' murmured poor Waring:—'better had they seen us performing works of beauty and charity:—but this is not the time for regret. My dear brethren,' continued he, aloud;—Father Kirkpatrick interrupted him. 'Move not,' said he, 'brother Waring; be comforted, my brethren. We will remain as we were.' (He spoke with great energy, though not without considerable agitation.) 'If the heathen Fathers of Rome could sit unmoved, while the enemy was at the gates, how much

more does it become us, Christian Fathers, true Soldiers of Christ, to stir not for the threats of the adversary?"

" ' Oh,' cried Waring, ' but our kind hostess above! This young gentleman! Consider, my dear brethren; and you, dear Kirkpatrick—I need only remind you of the good Lady Herne. For her sake let us retire, and see what is to be done.'

" The preacher immediately descended. We all thronged up stairs, and a brief consultation was held, previous to informing my mother.

" There was no time to lose. The noise increased out of doors every moment, and it was feared the house would be burst open. I was never more astonished or appalled in my life, than when, on going to the windows of the room that we had entered, I beheld a countless multitude of people, collected by torch-light, and all bent on some determined purpose against the house. I should not have thought it possible for such a crowd to assemble at this time of night.* They

* It might be then about eleven o'clock; but the inhabitants of the metropolis kept earlier hours at that period, than they do now.—*Edit.*

seemed to have risen from the ground. I blush to say, that my first thought was joy at my own probability of safety. I was not a Catholic, and I was well able to prove it. The thought was instantly succeeded, and punished, with agony for the fate of my mother. Mr Waring also, even my other less amiable friends whose good qualities I knew as well as their prejudices, I felt myself bound to stand by to the utmost. I resolved to do so, and was restored to a comparatively tranquil use of my energies.

“ I did not go to my mother before the rest. I feared for her weak frame, and knew that the danger would be better disclosed, in connection with the aids of religion. But I waited within call to fly to her, and had made up my mind to be taken for one of her persuasion, rather than be separated from her, in case she was removed. There was no chance of escape. The three houses forming one solitary mass, every side was invested. On the other hand, the fear of the multitude's pouring in, was speedily dissipated by the arrival of the regular officers of the law. Father Waring, after a brief colloquy, let them in. He had taken

upon himself the painful task of being the first to disclose the state of the premises to my mother, and the singular ceremony that had preceded it. He then went down to answer the knocking at the door, first taking the rest into my mother's chamber; and while they were still there, he brought the officers up stairs. He introduced them to me in an emphatic manner, that brought the first tears to my relief.—‘ This, gentlemen, is Sir Philip Herne, the master of this house, well known to some of your most eminent authorities, and himself a Protestant. Pray forget not that.’

“ A person with a long aspect, and a ‘ forehead villanous low,’ as the poet calls it, bowed to me, and congratulated me on my favorable prospect. The others made a lesser inclination of their heads, as if fearful of committing the dignity of authority, or hazarding a premature opinion. The politer individual, whom I remembered to have seen before, was your friend Mr Warmestre, alias Braythwaite, of whom you will presently have a more particular account.*

* This piece of information, like several other passages in my friend's MS., was inserted by him, after my introduction to him on shipboard.—*Note by Sir Ralph.*

“ ‘The gentleman will go along with us,’ said the leading officer.

“ I need not say that I intimated my obedience ; but my mother ! it was desirable that I should see her alone, or at least without the company of so many strangers. Father Waring motioned to me that he understood my wishes, and proposed the thing plainly to the officers ; adding, that the lady was in delicate health, and that the other inmates of the house could be at once summoned away from her, and counted, so as to give me the opportunity I wished for. He at the same time shewed the officers, that everything was secure. In making this proposal, I observed that he looked anxiously at a paper which the pursuivant held in his hand. The truth flashed upon me in a moment. There were women in the house, the female singers. I had forgotten them till this instant, and now saw that their safety depended on the absence, or presence, of their names in that document.

“ ‘ I have directions,’ said the officer, ‘ to seize the bodies of six persons, all in priest’s orders ; but they are not the only ones on my list.’

“ The enormity of six priests all in one house was an unusual occurrence.

“ ‘Be good enough to read the list,’ said Father Waring, ‘and I will undertake that the whole of the persons mentioned shall be forthcoming.’

“ ‘All in good time, all in good time,’ cried the man: ‘what’s the use of counting one’s sheep till we’ve got ’em? Pelham, you have seen to the doors?’

“ ‘There’s a man in every room in the house,’ said Pelham; ‘leastways, where there’s a key to it; and in no time there will be a man in every other. Hark’ye, sir, there go the picklocks.’

“ At the same moment, more than one violent noise took place, like an explosion, occasioned by the bursting open of doors.

“ It was the object of Father Waring to ascertain, whether the names of our female friends were in the list. In that case he intended to summon them from the place of retreat, into which he had abruptly conveyed them. He knew, that at all events their lives were safe; and a prompt appearance might secure them indulgencies, otherwise not to be expected. If their names were not in the list, he felt secure both of their lives and liberty, for reasons hereafter to be

mentioned. The bursting open of the doors did not alarm him. The ladies were in a place, the entrance of which was so admirably contrived, as to be undiscoverable, either by sight or sound. No difference was perceptible from the thickest and commonest wainscot; and a man must have been an architect to discover, that the space it occupied was necessary to the entireness of the building. It contained also wine and bread in plenty, as well as comprised chamber and sitting room, being in fact the place provided, in case of necessity, for the retreat of the whole household. The plate and other sacred furniture of the chapel was there, and a considerable sum of money.

“Was it likely that such a retreat as this would not be denounced? Father Waring had reasons for thinking it would not, especially when he saw Mr Braythwaite among the officers. But the moment was trying.

“It was distressing to me to hear, that there was a constable posted in every room. There was one then in my mother’s. I waited impatiently to be summoned to her. The pursuivant moved forward with his men, not being disposed to oblige

Mr Waring; the brethren were at the same time called out of her chamber, and I was about to wait no longer but go in, when Father O'Hara intercepted me, saying in an impressive tone, 'Not yet.' What the reason of this delay was, I could not conceive. I resolved however to be patient a few minutes longer, the more so as I had been unable to gratify the good fathers on other points. My patience was speedily re-absorbed during the interval, in anxious interest for the welfare of our female friends. The pursuivant at sight of the assembled brethren, proceeded to read his list, as follows. I retain it in my memory, as distinctly as if every word had been carved upon my brain.

" ' Richard Waring.'

" ' My friend answered to his name.

" ' Patrick O'Hara,'

" ' Here.'

" ' Patrick Monaghan.'

" ' Here.'

" ' Thomas Moleyn.'

" ' *Adsum, mi fili.*'—This scholastic answer from the good old father, produced a smile among us, in spite of our sorrow. It was increased by an

objection on the part of the reader, who said that there was no such name in his list; 'it was plain. Thomas Moleyn.' The venerable priest, with a countenance full of benevolence, was about to explain, when Father Waring, begging his pardon, interrupted him. He said, that his good brother merely meant to answer, as the others had done. Waring was afraid that something would have been said about Latin, — a tongue which these enemies of the mass held in peculiar abomination.

" ' Ah,' said the pursuivant, — ' I conceive: the gentleman speaks Irish.'

" The raised eyebrows of my Hibernian friends were raised higher at this mistake; they were mightily inclined to vent a bitter jest upon it; but their cooler brother again interfered with a sign. A violent pinch of snuff was taken out of their respective boxes, and they reinstated themselves in their endurance. O'Hara even presented his box to the pursuivant, as if by way of having a generous advantage over him. The man looked at first as if he would have retreated from the offering, not knowing whether it might

not be some Papistical temptation, or powder of a more dangerous result; but he finally took the pinch. I thought he would have willingly taken the box also.

“ I should wonder how I cared at the time to notice these lighter passages, or how I could now set them down; but that on occasions of great trouble, moods lose their ordinary distinctions; and mirth is either welcome, while it is scorned; or sorrow is too great to see the value of one human emotion more than another. The man proceeded with his list.

“ ‘Talbot Kirkpatrick.’

“ ‘I am here.’

“ ‘Oliver Plunket.’

“ ‘Here.’

“ ‘Dame Elizabeth Herne.’

“ ‘Blessed saint!’ cried Kirkpatrick, ‘thou can’st not harm her.’ Father Waring intimated to the pursuivant not to attend to this ebullition, and then pointed to the chamber, as much as to say there was no fear of a sick woman’s escape. The mention of my mother’s name, I observed, brought out all the handkerchiefs of

the good fathers; and for the first time they shed tears.

“ ‘Sir Philip Herne, Baronet, harbourer of the above.’ ‘How!’ I was about to exclaim, ‘a harbourer of my own mother! Is this the way a son is to be designated?’ Waring, who was our *Numen Prudentia*, without whom fortune would have gone still harder with us, pressed my arm, in token of silence. ‘This is the young gentleman,’ said he; ‘I introduced you to him but now.’

“ ‘Esther Follet, servant; not a Papist.’

“ ‘I have been to her,’ said Mr Braythwaite; ‘the poor creature is in a state of bewilderment, and sorely smitten.’

“ ‘Mary Pinnion, servant; a suspected Papist.’

“ ‘In the next room.’

“ ‘William Hill, servant; not a Papist.’

“ ‘He is here.’

“Not a word of our friends in their sanctuary. A glance of congratulation passed round about among us.

“ ‘Very few servants,’ said the pursuivant, ‘for so rare a set of masters!’

“Kirkpatrick was going to fire up. ‘Our habits,’ said Waring, ‘teach us to wait upon ourselves. You know that, surely, seeing the number of religious you must have met with.’

“‘Ay, ay,’ returned the man, ‘I know ye. Let James Gilby alone for ferretting out a Popish badger.’

“But I must call to mind as few of these speeches as possible. They border upon events too painful. Still less can I set down the graver impertinences of one or two of the man’s followers, who in their quality of Independents lorded it at a rate that would have been ridiculous under any other circumstances, and had a text for every absurdity. I had just seen charity violated by the doctrines of one sect: I was now to be more painfully repelled by the practical intolerance of another.

“‘Will you take your oath,’ said the pursuivant’s deputy, ‘that this list contains the whole of your household?’

“‘Tilly-valley,’ cried his superior, ‘what signify their oaths? A Papist and an oath! Lord help us! Oaths and Papists, I say! Why, they would

take an oath that you were going to drink Canary, and give you poison.'

" 'We know but of one such person who has disgraced our community,' said Waring, at length moved to show his displeasure: 'he is not here.'

" Father Kirkpatrick held down his head, for he had often protested against our dislike of Mansel. Father Moleyn looked on us all with the wonder and sweetness of a child. The rest were evidently in a state of suppressed indignation.

" 'With your leave, gentlemen all,' interposed Mr Braythwaite, with smiling deference, 'I may be permitted to bear testimony to the truth of the document; seeing that in former times, together with worthy Mr Lawrence, and others of the household of faith, I here partook of the hospitality of Sir Edward Herne and his mistaken lady, never dreaming that she could be so far carried away. I call to mind, that on the decease of Sir Edward, the number of his domestics was greatly reduced, purposely, peradventure, to admit of the new expenditure. The poor lady, after her light, is extremely charitable.'

" I had seen this man before. I now recollected

in particular having dined with him at my mother's table two or three years back ; and I had a suspicion that I had seen him coming out of her sitting-room, not many weeks antecedent to the present time. What he had just stated, was calculated to do us service ; and yet there was something in it, which, in connection with the suspicion that came upon me, and the speaker's whole person, countenance and manner, gave me such an impatient disgust, that I could have seized him by the throat. I looked at Waring, and observed him change colour, evidently from a like feeling.

“The Pursuivant acquiesced in Braythwaite's judgment, intimating in a brutal speech, that his hounds would leave no corner unsearched. ‘And now,’ said he, ‘for the poor lady.’ I thanked him for this however ; happy to see that in the roughest natures there lurked some remnant of human kindness. The man had, in truth, some reason to be kind, seeing that everything was so straight before him, and submissive ; but he might have done nothing but lord it on this very account. In short, calamity makes us feel as slavishly grate-

ful sometimes for the least evidence of good-will, as it does bitter and violent against the reverse.

“The men were accordingly proceeding to my mother’s chamber, when Father Waring took their principal aside, and whispered him. The man looked very serious; asked a question or two, and then looked earnestly at myself. ‘The door shall be open,’ said Waring; ‘but you would not—you will not—’

“‘No, no,’ interrupted the officer. ‘Go in, young gentleman: we will await your pleasure.’

“It is to borne in mind, that the noise of the populace out of doors, instead of diminishing all this time, had increased to a frightful degree. ‘Bring ’em out! Bring out the wretches, the sorcerers!’ were among the least of the appalling cries. ‘Death to the bloody Papists!’ was the cry at one time. At another, the voice of the multitude rose in one according thunder of, ‘Burn ’em! Burn ’em in their own fires!’ These three last words were then repeated, like a burden; and for some minutes, as if the crowd were beating time to what they said with their feet, we heard nothing but a horrible deep sound of—‘Their own

fires! Their own fires!' Hill, the servant, looking out of window, said that the whole mass was 'rocking to and fro.'

"Most unfortunate was it, that the windows of my poor mother's bed-room looked full upon this scene, though at a good height. The tumult grew so alarming, that just as Mr Waring and myself had withdrawn to a side of the room, before entering the chamber door (for he wished first to speak with me,) the servant came up as pale as death, to know if the crowd had not better be spoken to. I determined to address them accordingly, and was about to open a window for that purpose, when the cries were exchanged for an enormous hurra. 'Tis a troop of horse,' said Mr Waring. 'Praise be to God! the relief is inexpressible! Surely,' he added, in an involuntary prayer, 'O righteous God, O great and most merciful Father, the woes of the heart may be indulged a little space!'

"The scene was tremendous. The voice of the crowd when I first approached the window, at once roared and was broken up, like a human sea. There were so many torches, that the houses

opposite, forming the side of an unfinished street, took a glare from them, as if our own house had been on fire; and the light falling on the mass of faces in front, it seemed as if I was about to address a congregation of pallid dæmons.

“The arrival of the cavalry produced a comparative quiet,—an inexpressible relief indeed. Mr Waring again led me apart, took my hand in his, kissed it, and could not speak. His whole frame shook with emotion. ‘My dear friend,’ said he, ‘my beloved child, for you will never refuse me the right to call you by that title, whether it be for a short time or for a long, I set you a bad example with these tears and this weakness, but I need not ask my Philip to understand and forgive me: he is wise before his time; unhappy I fear also, not the less on that account.’

[“Esher will forgive my repeating these words, which I do, God knows, out of reverence for him who said them, and not for myself. I would give up all the glories in the world, if I had them, for the sake of one or two beloved and loving friends. Esher will see for what melan-

choly purpose my tutor was thus raising me in my own esteem.]

“ ‘ My child,’ continued this excellent man, ‘ I think we poor calumniated brethren have some reason to be weaker to-night, even than our friends who sorrow for us ; and I will not scruple to demand of the friend I love best in the world, that he shall help me to support my weakness by dint of suppressing his own. If you, Philip, cannot assist us at this moment, who can ? I know what you would say,—but it is not that—it is not of my own sorrows I speak at this moment, nor even of those of the brethren ; no, nor yet of anything that you are hitherto acquainted with. Evils come upon us most unexpectedly, as we have all seen this day ; and surely those endure them in the best manner, who endure them in the kindest and most considerate.’

“ I began to feel great alarm, not without some suspicion of the cause of it ; but I hoped that my dread made me mistaken.

“ Father Waring continued :—‘ There is no knowing,’ said he, ‘ what frightful things may happen to us Catholics. It is necessary that we

should look all chances in the face, like men. I do not say that the worst will happen, but it may; and in that case I ask you, dear Philip, where you should wish me to be?"

"Where wish you to be?"

"Yes: in heaven or on earth? Would you wish to be in heaven at once, or to remain, and witness the affliction of the church I love; perhaps endure a thousand terrors instead of one?"

"Oh, my father, is it possible that you would announce to me——Nay, if my fears be just; you need not tell me so:—say nothing:—I shall comprehend all, and will set myself to act as you would have me."

"My friend shook my hand with a manly emotion, looked in my eyes through his tears, and said, 'Come; you will not misconceive me when I say, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." You know where it is that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. If ever a saint rested, it is she.'

"His words faded away as he spoke. It was now my turn to lead. I took him by the arm, and we went into the chamber.

“What need I say? My mother reclined in her elbow chair, her two hands thrown together on her lap, her cheek leaning against one of the wings of it—dead.

“The anticipation of martyrdom (for she feared the worst) had been too much for her. Constantly on the watch against discovery, and believing herself prepared for it, the shock was nevertheless too great when it came; especially when it came in a manner as terrible as it was abrupt. The first news of it she received with irrepressible alarm, which she vainly endeavoured with many self-reproaches to overcome. At the same time she expressed her gratitude for the endeavour which had been made to convert me, and eagerly asked whether it had succeeded. Father Waring did not scruple to answer, that I was in ‘a heavenly frame of mind, and that he hoped the very best of me.’ She clasped her hands with transport towards heaven. ‘But then they will harm him!’ said she; ‘they will kill him!’—sinking from the height of her rapture into an agony of maternal fear. Waring replied, that although my disposition was excellent, and he doubted not I should

be an angel in heaven; yet the declaration of my faith had been interrupted by the breaking up of the assembly, and that he had good reason to know that I should be safe.'—'But you!'—cried my mother,—'the dear, good fathers!'

"I must draw a veil over the rest. My poor mother, naturally of a delicate constitution, sick, and worn out with long anxieties, could not help wringing her hands on all our accounts, her own not excepted. This produced a burst of self-reproach, and she grew too agitated to remain in bed. Her servant, Mary Pinnion, almost as overcome as herself, helped her to rise in her dressing-gown; the noise of the multitude all the while growing more vehement and frightful. My mother was entreated not to go to the window; but she seemed to think it necessary; perhaps the more because of her terror. She seated herself, before she looked, in her chair, which was close to the window,—hesitated, and gasped for breath,—gave one glance, and instantly averting and shutting her eyes, expired without a word.

"The poor girl, Mary Pinnion, though no Papist, nor in the secret, lay on the bed her mis-

tress had left, exhausted with grief and amazement. It was from her I learnt these particulars, which Father Waring would not tell me.

“How often have I gone over the whole of them in my mind, as a sort of penance for I know not what offences. Months—nay, years afterwards, though my reason told me I had no cause, I reproached myself for not having been with my mother sooner. I reviewed every circumstance of my young life, small as well as great, (indeed some of them were more than boyish humours,) in which I had vexed her: in short, I underwent, in double measure, all that tendency to regret and self-reproach, which consciences, tenderly nurtured, are apt to give way to with such wilful extravagance, upon the loss of those whom they have more loved than thought with.

“Yet these were not my reflections at the time. I was greatly shocked; but I felt such a movement of indignation against the mob, as made me wish myself a destroying spirit, that I might have poured out a phial of wrath upon their assembled heads. The very turmoil of my spirits helped to sustain me. The cause of my poor misguided

friends was now entirely in my hands ; and when I thought of the new anxieties my mother would have gone through, had she survived, her departure seemed a providential mercy. Such it was called by Mr Waring, and such I consented to regard it.

“ Some hasty arrangements, with the approbation of the commander of the troop of horse, took place, for the security and respectful treatment of the remains ; after which, the mob now becoming impatient with the soldiery, we all descended to go to prison. Some coaches were in readiness to convey us. The moment the people caught sight of us, they burst into such a yell of execration, that I felt greatly relieved on finding an avenue formed by the troop of horse. There were, in all, three coaches, some prisoners and officers going in each ; and as each of them was filled, it moved a little onward, so that the mob crowded to the windows before the soldiery had time to settle themselves on either side. It was truly frightful to see them thrusting in their faces and hands, and avowing all the while the most ferocious wishes, loading my companions with

abuse, as if they were rather dæmons than men. I was in the first coach. They asked if I was the young gentleman 'who was to be sacrificed?' and upon the Pursuivant's answering, 'This is the gentleman you mean,' they thrust their hands towards me in congratulation, that I might shake them. I recoiled in horror.

" 'You had best do it, sir,' said an officer; 'great multitudes are not to be trifled with.'

" I looked at Mr Waring, whose face seemed to say that it would be an adherence to my friends, instead of an abandonment of them.

" I submitted my hands accordingly, as if to a basket of vipers.

" 'You are mistaken, my friends,' said I, 'there was to be no sacrifice.'

" 'What!' cried a tall, rugged fellow, his face seamed with the small-pox; 'tell me that, when I saw it with my own eyes—the flames waiting for you, and the villains whetting their knives!'

" 'Lo you now,' cried another, whose face I could not distinguish, 'see the temptations of Satan, which shall make a man minister to his own destruction.'

“ ‘ Hang ’em all up,’ shouted a third, ‘ and their willing imp of the devil along with them !’

“ By this time the soldiery had formed on either side of us, and the procession moved on. The mob accompanied us to the prison, increasing as they went, but gradually becoming silent, with the exception of a few voices now and then, I suppose of the receders. I discerned between the horses’ heads, the same faces that surrounded the coach; the tall rugged fellow among them, who mocked and mowed at me, as he caught my eye. My mind for some time was divided between two feelings. At one moment, I congratulated myself that my danger was not so great as that of my companions; at the next, I resented the thought as unworthy, and persuaded myself, that I would fain have been just in their condition, in order that they might have been certain of my contempt and hatred of their persecutors. ‘ At intervals, nevertheless, I felt strongly how painful it is to be at a disadvantage, even imaginary, with any body of one’s fellow-creatures; and when I heard them devoting my friends to the torments of another world, I could not but be struck with

the reflection, that those friends themselves had just been threatening me with the very same catastrophe. Another reflection also forced itself upon me. The indignation of the mob, however vulgarly and extravagantly vented, might be traced to the persecuting conduct of the very faith that was now persecuted. Must there then, thought I, be nothing but persecution for persecution? Is one wrong eternally to produce a wrong to punish it? or will a time come, when those very actions and re-actions will teach people better, and human nature find out that the doctrines which produce them, must, so far, be themselves in the wrong? Can Christianity itself long continue to be mixed up with things unchristian?

“Perhaps these reflections were not as clear to my mind then, as they are now. Most probably they passed through it with as much dimness as rapidity; but every new piece of suffering brought a new source of light with it, with which I afterwards investigated my human nature at leisure.

“The main subject of consideration to all of us, as we went along, was, the fate we were going to

encounter, the nature and degree of it, and how it was to be arrested or met. When we arrived at the prison, we had to undergo another burst of execration, which made us glad to escape into its dreary walls. We were locked up in different cells, and passed a dismal night. Next day, to my inexpressible relief (I could not account for it, but such it was), I was summoned into the presence, not of a subordinate Judge, nor even of a Secretary of State, but of the Lord Protector himself, Oliver Cromwell.

“ I now understand the secret of this relief. It consisted in my having to answer to a great man instead of a little ; such a one, as I instinctively felt, could truly understand what I meant truly to lay before him ; for there is a sympathy between all genuine qualities, however accompanied by sophisticate ones ; and nobody is so capable of appreciating the simplicity of youth, as he who sees beyond the rules of ordinary wisdom, and knows the value of those qualities in advanced life. It is only second-rate and subordinate greatness, that confounds common experience with uncommon, and thinks everything young

a folly, because its own youth was vulgarly mistaken.

“ Accordingly I followed the person who came to fetch me, not indeed without anxiety or even awe (for my father’s visitors had taught me a great veneration for ‘our Chief of Men,’ and his late accession to sovereign power did not diminish it), but with a feeling of hope, or I should rather say of security. I contrived to make the sanguine temper I was in known to Father Waring. The manners of this excellent friend had already conciliated his jailers; and a plentiful exercise of my purse completed their good humour. I wondered, nevertheless, to find them so willing to be pleased; but the truth is, they had seen a good many Catholics, and were not so prejudiced against them as most. Some of them had served in the prison, when the hatred of Popery was at its height; I mean, when the avowed superstition of the Queen of Charles I, the suspected faith of the King, the attachment of the Catholics to his person, and their sanguinary impatience in Ireland, had worked up the zeal of their enemies to its climax, and produced that dreadful season of re-action, when

the innocent suffered for the guilty, and the most venerable and harmless men were put to death simply for being priests, or being present at a mass. There had been no such scenes of late, but the religion and its ceremonies were still under the ban, not to be practised but in secret, and under penalties that had never been abrogated. It was expected by some of our visitors, that the Presbyterians would call for a repetition of those severities, if for no other purpose but to dictate to their new master. Cromwell himself, in his new scheme of government, though he advocated the independence of religious opinion in all other points, had expressly excepted the adherents to 'prelacy and popery;' and now this unfortunate detection of my friends, occupied too in a ceremony so unusual, and of so hateful an aspect, might hasten the return, perhaps even sharpen the excess of their afflictions.

“ On the other hand, if my friends had made a mistake, they had also been mistaken by the populace. This might be shewn. And Cromwell, besides the natural objection of those who dictate, to undergo dictation from any one else, carried the

principle of religious toleration farther, perhaps, than any man of his day; that is to say, than any man who professed Christianity at all.

“ But I shall again confound subsequent reflections with immediate ones. Suffice it to say, that I had acquired some information, more or less vague, upon all these points; and that I was not the worse prepared to encounter the eye of the great man, inasmuch as I was really neither politician nor theologian, but a youth, whose nature he might see through, as easily as if it were cut in crystal.

“ I was taken in a coach to Whitehall, and delivered into the hands of an usher, who on hearing my name and quality, was pleased to condole with me. Our story, exaggerated in the outset, had gathered much in its progress; and the good usher was astonished to find, that there were only six priests instead of twenty, that there was no mass called the ‘ Devil’s Mass,’ at which they sacrificed a young protestant, and that no closet full of bones was discovered, all belonging to children whom they had enticed into the house for that purpose. I was glad to find

that my refusal to become a Catholic, was understood; and equally so, that the other circumstances had been so grossly misrepresented. The sacrifice of the young Protestant their host, was held to be an enormity particularly ungrateful, as it well might be. The usher dwelt upon it as a thing 'too horrible to think of;' and accordingly I had some difficulty in persuading him that it was not true. He looked at me over and over again, as if he doubted that I, Sir Philip Herne, was the actual Baronet, with 'his throat about him,' and not, as he thought, his next heir and most fortunate successor.

"It was then the summer of the year 1654. Cromwell had not long raised himself to his high station, but he occupied Whitehall with all the formalities of a sovereign. I have already observed that I was no politician. I was not too young for it; there were numbers no older than myself, who were fiery partizans, of all denominations; but the mode in which I had been brought up, and the indifference of my father, had left my opinions to take their course; and youth is certainly no politician by nature. What is more, my

Catholic friends were no politicians. They were pure scholars and theologians, wrapt up in their faith, and very different, so far, from multitudes of their brethren, who were as anxious to meddle with state as church. I had heard them speak of Cromwell sometimes; and I gathered, on reflection, that their opinion of him was much like my own, namely, that he had succeeded to the throne, something after the fashion of an elected monarch, and that good was to be expected from him, rather than ill. Very little, however, of late, had been said among us on any subject, unconnected with religion and scholarship. It was not to be expected, that my mother would keep up her republican acquaintances. She did not attempt it. I believe Mr Braythwaite was almost the only one that remained, and he came seldom. I had not ceased, however, to take for granted a good deal of what I had heard them say respecting the affairs of the world; and yet, so strong is the impression made by the pomp and circumstance of royalty upon a young mind, that is to say, of power in its highest and most obvious state of ornament and worship, that I could not but sym-

pathize with the downfall of Charles, nor find myself pacing the very rooms, perhaps, through which he passed to execution, without feeling my admiration of his successor qualified with something like dislike as well as dread.

“The usher, whom I should have taken for one of the greatest men in the world, had he not talked so fast, consigned me into the hands of a far greater man, his superior, who was as silent as his steps. Just before we arrived at this gentleman, we passed two others, whom my conductor named to me before they came up. ‘Two Lords of his Highness’s council,’ said he, putting his hand to his mouth, and pretending to say nothing: ‘he on the left is Sir Gilbert Pickering; and the other is Mr Edward Montague.’ You know who this is now.* Sir Gilbert was a very stiff formal-looking man, with the air of an angry pedagogue. Montague had a pleasant countenance, which he seemed trying to compress into the other’s gravity. As we passed, he condescendingly addressed us: ‘It will be of no use,

* Lord Sandwich.

Stratton,' said he; 'his Highness is not visible this morning.' Pickering did not seem to like this remark. Mr Stratton received the intimation with an air of lively acknowledgment, but resumed his progress. 'He is out there,' observed he; 'but he is a mighty pleasant conversable gentleman, is Master Montagu.' With these words he suddenly altered the expression of his countenance; and opening a door, consigned me into the hands I have just mentioned.

"My new conductor, leading me through an apartment, paused at sight of a person resembling himself, who was standing at a door opposite.

" 'His Highness's mother is with him,' said he, partly addressing me and partly speaking to himself. 'It likes him not to be interrupted at such times; but my directions in this matter are special.' So saying, he went in, and presently returned, giving me a signal to advance.

"I went in, and saw a gentleman in black, leaning down and speaking to a pale old lady, who sat, or rather reclined, in an arm chair. It was the Protector. The old lady was his mother.

“He turned his face to me suddenly, and said with great haste, not however without dignity, ‘You are the Philip Herne, the same Sir Philip of whom these idle fables are told?’

“I uttered, as well as I could, ‘The same, sir.’ The sight of his mother, reclining in that way in her chair, reminded me of my own; and I could hardly speak.

“‘Lift up your voice, young gentleman,’ said the Protector, ‘and repeat what you have said.’

“‘I am the person,’ I answered, ‘of whom your Highness speaks.’

“‘You see, madam,’ said Cromwell, turning to his mother.

“‘And there was no sacrifice?’ he resumed, ‘no devilish and bloody offering,—none of the absurdities, of which the people talk?’

“‘None, sir. My friends may be mistaken, but kinder men do not exist.’

“The Protector seemed again to be re-assuring his mother. He then raised his head, and standing a little apart, but with his hand on the top of her chair, said to me in a lower tone of voice,

‘What manner of men these skulking knaves are, with their poisonous rag of a religion, assuredly I am not to learn: but what means this disquiet, young gentleman? Wherefore this trembling? nothing but the truth must be told here.’ He added this with an air of sternness.

“I replied that I was well aware of that, and that all my hopes were founded upon it; but that the late circumstance had been a thing so surprising, and accompanied with the indignation of a multitude of men so frightful, that I trusted the weakness of my years would be pardoned for not speaking of it without emotion, especially in a presence like that in which I stood.—I thought the venerable lady looked at me with kindness.

“‘How old are you?’ said my interrogator.

“‘Sixteen.’

“‘Your appearance,’ he was pleased to remark, ‘is manly enough, to have said twenty.’

“I was going to reply, but stopped. The Protector bade me proceed. I excused myself upon the plea, that I had no right to trouble his Highness with my poor thoughts: but he insisted on

hearing them out. I then said, that I believed trouble made people old before their time.

“ ‘A venerable young gentleman, upon my word!’ said the Protector, in a tone of good-humoured sarcasm: ‘and yet,’ continued he, with solemnity, ‘these are serious times, awful and heart-shaking times, for those who err from the right path, whether young or old. Safety is for none but such as the Lord gathereth into his fold, and then, who shall harm us? (He turned to his mother as he said this.) Verily, as a hair does not fall without his permission, so neither does a hair grow grey; and as I have seen those whose locks have suddenly faded, like smitten blossoms, out of the very anguish of the fears that have come upon them, so have the godly stood flourishing to the end, like the tree by the water’s side.’

“ He bent down to his mother, taking her again by the hand, ‘Open that casement,’ said he, directing my attention to the window; ‘and let us have more of God’s blessed air.’

“ As I went to obey him, I heard him speaking in a low tone, as if something had been finally

agreed between them. On resuming my station, he bade me go into a further room and await his coming. He kissed her hand, and she said in a faint voice, 'My dear son!' These words completed the likeness I saw between the two mothers; and I was glad to find myself alone, that I might give way to my emotion.

"I afterwards learnt, that Mrs Cromwell, who was in a perpetual state of alarm lest something should happen to her son, had been greatly agitated by the rumours respecting the late event. With every popular tumult, whatever might be its avowed purpose, she connected the idea of an insurrection against Oliver's life. One violence, she thought, must produce another; and all violence could only terminate in putting an end to the person that was dearest to her, the object of so much hatred and envy on the part of so many factions. Her health at that period was in the frailest condition: indeed she did not survive beyond the November following: and it was said, that she could not hear the report of a pistol, but she exclaimed, 'They have shot my son!'

"It was to calm her fears on this point, as well as

to collect the whole truth of the matter from a person at an ingenuous time of life, that the Protector sent for me so speedily; and there is reason to believe, that her anxiety, in combination with certain views which a friend of Sir Kenelm Digby had been lately opening to him respecting the Catholics, was of service in producing the turn I am about to relate. But he had other clues to a knowledge of us.

“ In a minute or two Cromwell made his appearance. He discerned that I had been weeping; and asked me, in a tone of anger not unmingled with contempt, the reason of it. I explained to him what had moved me when I was in the other room, and apologized for not having been more particular in the presence of the venerable lady, for a reason which her state of health rendered obvious. He was struck with hearing of the death of my mother, a circumstance he had hitherto been unacquainted with.

“ ‘ You are a good lad,’ said he; ‘ but goodness is sometimes weak, often misguided. Can you tell the truth, Sir Philip, as well as you can square it to the convenience of a sick lady?’ ”

“ ‘If you will put me to the test, sir, I trust I shall not disgrace the opinion which your Highness is willing to entertain of me.’

“The Protector’s manner was now perfectly simple and open; free from the air of heaviness and constraint that was mixed with it in the other room, and as noble as became him. When standing beside his mother, he seemed to be wrestling with contending thoughts, and had a lumbering motion with his shoulders, almost amounting to something clownish. I have since noticed the same thing in persons of a rustic breeding, whose thoughts labour between a love of truth and the wish to conceal it. Oliver now stood erect, with his back to a fire-place, and resembled the picture which had been lately painted of him by Lely. The artist flattered him perhaps in the general air, as far as it implied ordinary good breeding, and an habitual urbanity of carriage; and yet the momentary look may not have been flattered even in that respect; for as the greater includes the less, so the princely serenity which Cromwell could assume as well as any man, or rather which was natural to him in his princely moments, in-

volved of necessity whatever is of the like quality in the self-possession of an ordinary gentleman. You have heard what Cromwell said, when Lely was about to paint this picture? He desired him to omit nothing that could complete the likeness, however it might tell against smoothness and good looks. Not a wart, or a wrinkle was to be left out. Lely accordingly produced a stronger and bluffer face than is usual with him; though it is to be doubted, whether the sense of beauty to which he afterwards made such a sacrifice of his pencil, would have permitted him to go to the extent of Cromwell's direction, granting even that the instinct of a courtier had not prevented it. Nor are we to suppose, that Cromwell himself, however great a man, was displeased to think that his warts and wrinkles had been found less inimical to pleasingness of aspect, than might have been looked for. Be this as it may, I was afterwards, when I came to see the picture, highly struck with the resemblance it bore to him at the period of this interview. If there was any defect on the wrong side, it was, that the eyes were not fine enough; not suf-

ficiently deep and full of meaning. And yet they are not vulgar eyes, in Lely's picture. The forehead, and the open flow of hair on either side, as if he was looking out upon the realm he governed, and the air of it was breathing upon him, are wonderfully like; and so is the determined yet unaffected look of the mouth. The nose, which in every face is, perhaps, the seat of refinement or coarseness, (at least I have never found the symptom fail) is hardly coarse enough; and in a similar proportion, it is wanting in power. Cromwell's nose looked almost like a knob of oak. Indeed, throughout his face there was something of the knobbed and gnarled character of that monarch of our woods. I will add, that as this picture was painted immediately after Cromwell's accession to the sovereign power, the princely aspect of the sitter was never more genuine, perhaps, than at that moment. But there was one thing which Lely assuredly took upon himself to qualify; to wit, the redness of the nose. It was too red in ordinary, though not so much so as his libellers gave out, nor so distinguished in colour from the rest of his face.

When he was moved to anger, the whole irritability of his nature seemed to rush into both nose and cheeks; and this produced an effect, the consciousness of which was, perhaps, of no mean service in helping him to controul himself. Upon the whole, if many princes have had a more graceful aspect, few have shown a more striking one, and fewer still have warranted the impression by their actions.

“The Protector bade me give him an exact account of the circumstances that had occurred in our house. I accordingly entered into the real state of the case. I told him how the good fathers had laboured in vain at my conversion; how anxious they were for my eternal welfare; what steps of various kinds they had thought it necessary to resort to in consequence; how we had been surprised during the spectacle they had thought proper to lay open; how the terror created by the sight of the assembled multitudes had snapped asunder the frail thread of my mother’s existence, and what real good men the fathers were, with the exception of the lay-brother who had betrayed them; how absorbed in their

religion and scholarship, and how well affected, I verily believed, to his Highness's government, having, to my certain recollection, spoken of him as one raised by Providence to reconcile jarrings of all sorts, and enable every man to worship God after the light of his conscience.

“ ‘ Which they would not endure, if they were in my place,’ said Cromwell; ‘ no, not for a day.’

“ I bowed in my confusion, not knowing what to answer to this remark. My bow, however, implied, though I was not conscious of it at the time, that it was for a great man, like himself, to know better, and to teach the way to the indulgence. He proceeded to observe, as if in comment upon such an observation, that, ‘ the herd, to be sure, were not the herdsman. Will they ever,’ he added, half musing to himself, ‘ be anything but a herd? Peradventure they may, seeing that the image is but a type, and the herd of the same nature as the herdsman. Forty years long! Say, forty centuries! A thousand years with the Lord are but as one day.’

“ He mused aloud in this way, as if I was too young to render my presence of any importance;

then looking steadily at me, he said, 'And this is all?'

"I now suddenly called to mind what I had really forgotten since the day before,—the situation of those who still remained in concealment. A blush burned over my face; but my resolution was taken instantly.

"'No, sir,' said I, 'it is not.'

"'Ay,' returned Cromwell, in a tone, which I knew not whether to take for good-natured or displeased,—'you have forgotten something?'

"'Beyond a doubt, sir, I did forget something: but—'

"'But what, young man?' sternly enquired Oliver:—'have a care how you palter with us.'

"'God forbid, sir,' said I, 'that I should do so idle and wicked a thing: but—'

"'But me no buts, sir,' cried the Protector: 'God help me, must boys as well as men think to put my discernment to the stretch? Speak out, and speak truly, my young master; or your friends, as you call them, will suffer for it.'

"I here found myself in a new perplexity. If I told of the women's concealment I knew not

what trouble might come upon them: if I kept it a secret, the men were threatened with new penalties. I determined instinctively to exonerate the latter as much as possible, while I did my utmost to screen the partners of their danger."

" 'As God is my judge, sir,' I replied, 'I have told your Highness nothing but the truth; and if I have not told the whole of it, it is neither because I forgot it at the moment, though I really did so, nor because the concealment anyway affects the worthiness of my poor friends. Pardon me, sir, if any word I utter displease you; but with the greatest respect in the world, and even awe at your presence, it is not in my power to relate anything further.'"

" 'How, young man?' returned Cromwell: 'would you tell me, that you are under a greater threat than mine, or fear any more terrible shadow than it is in my power to cast upon you?'

" 'Oh no, sir! nothing that man can do to me could surely be half so terrible to me as this moment, standing as I do under your Highness's displeasure; but God would be angry with me, if I sinned against the light of my conscience.'

“ ‘And this secret forsooth is not to be told?’ said Cromwell in a tone of scornful amazement: ‘a boy says it, and fancies that I am to be mastered by his petulance!’

“ I clasped my hands with a passionate mixture of entreaty and deprecation, ‘Forgive everybody but myself, sir; but it is impossible.’

“ The next words of Oliver came upon my ear like the sudden cessation of agony on a nerve. ‘I will tempt thee no more, Philip,’ said he, in a tone of great kindness:—‘when thy mother bore thee, of a truth did she bear a man child, though I question whether thou couldst be so quick to do as to suffer. Terrible is the other portion of man, a darkening to the face, and a withering to his morning heart; I may say, even sometimes to his morning prayers; and he goeth forth uncertain whether his blows may always be aimed at the true evil, or out of the true and perfect—’ (He there stopped abruptly.) ‘Is it even so, Philip?’ he added; ‘and knowst thou aught of these riddles of the Sphinx? Yet this too is endurance; and endurance hath not the wine of action to solace it. Who shall judge!’

“ ‘ And so, Philip,’ he resumed, with a different air, ‘ thou hast been a secreter of the idolaters of the mass, ha? a harbourer of priests? and doubtless thought it incumbent upon thee, to do as had been done by thy father and mother before thee? Well: it is a delicate matter, the more especially since the multitude have had the handling of it; but the season may do something towards sweetening it. Mark me, young man: not a word of what passes between thee and me; and now look at that paper.’

“ He handed me a document, in which to my utter amazement I read a list of all the persons implicated in the business before us, not excepting the three ladies; and it ended with describing the rooms in which they were secreted. A signature had been torn off. I found afterwards, that this signature was the worthy Mr Braythwaite’s.

“ The Protector saw the glow of satisfaction that must have exhibited itself in my countenance, the double delight I experienced, at having at once kept my secret, and received an intimation from him that nobody would be the worse for it. He looked at me with a smile of peculiar dignity and

good will, and desired me to give him an account of my childhood. 'I have some few minutes longer,' said he; 'and great things and small in this world providentially hang together.' I obeyed him, not omitting a single circumstance, with the exception of one or two which I had no right to disclose; and at these, I could see, he gave a shrewd guess. When I ended, he called to me for the paper. I had forgotten to return it. On my approaching him for that purpose, he gave me a kindly pat on the cheek. 'Trouble not thyself, Philip,' said he, 'for a loss which all sons must be afflicted with, sooner or later. Think rather of the comforts that may yet reach thee, and the pleasant surprises that may follow unhappy ones. The lives of thy friends are safe, provided they utter not a syllable of the matter. There are those who would fain renew certain laws, better forgotten in a Christian land; men, who know not that they are the objects of their own hatred and persecution, in other shapes. These people are not to be gainsaid roughly; they think they mean well; but they are to be opposed quietly and strongly. Nobody knows better than a soldier, Philip—I would

say, a Christian soldier,—that the only final blessings of this temporal state are a reasonable peace and quiet; and it is to secure these blessings to mankind, that God's servants militant are content to hazard their share of them, and take on themselves the burden of authority. I speak to thy twenty years of age, for without question thou wert born four years after taking consideration whether thou shouldst be born or no; and I speak also to the years in thee that are to come; on which I purpose myself to keep an eye; for the race of the Hernes, thus happily converted from their errors, and not to be enticed back to them, are a race worthy of the care of their nation, of which I, being by the unsearchable will of Providence, set over to be the guide and shepherd, do hold myself bound to attend to those things, which concern us all,—I say to those things which all would attend to, if their time or understandings could be that way bent; and truly, there is nothing which doth more concern a people than the well and conscientious bringing up of their gentry, nor was it ever of greater concernment than now, when those things are said and done in it which

are a scandal to this nation, and to the bringing up of their gentry, and nobility; it being considered that a badge of profaneness is a badge of disaffection, and ill will, and clean contrary government to the government of this commonwealth; which though there be somewhat in it, I mean in those disaffections and profaneness and irregularity of manners, that doth convey a praise and a contrast to this government, yet it is nevertheless fearful, and not to be looked upon, but for the rooting of it out, to the end that such shallow and godless persons may know, of a truth, that there is a King in Israel; I mean Him that ruleth over both Kings and Captains, and who hath set a testimony in Jacob, that the generation to come might know him.—And so, Philip, thou shall be brought again to this palace of Whitehall tomorrow, at this same hour of noon; and I will commit thee to the care of a pious and learned person, in truth a great and shining light of these times, with whom I have been communing but now of the like matters; for besides being rightly nurtured, it is fitting that thou set up a special and a bright testimony of thy better knowledge at

this juncture, when thy friends, as thou callest them, with their devil's images, have brought the multitude about their ears,—a creature, God knoweth—(I mean when it pleaseth him to let them be so changed from a devout and docile assemblage) of many mouths and little wit.'

"The greater part of this speech of Cromwell, is more like his manner of discourse in general, than the rest of it; and, in fact, if I had reported the whole as it was delivered, there would have been a good deal of the same negligence and incoherence of words throughout; but I could not well make a comic report of so serious a matter; for such, under all the circumstances, it would have appeared. If I seem to contradict myself in the conclusion, it is because my spirits had grown lighter at every word he uttered; and I cannot, at this time, refuse to give my recollections their full play. It is not to be supposed, that the Protector always spoke in this manner, or that he did not vary it sometimes considerably in the course of one and the same colloquy. Even when he gave way to this habit of circumlocution, (adopted, perhaps, originally, from policy, but not without

a natural tendency to it, arising from want of letters, and even from a wish to rest his brain, and avoid the sharpness of concentration,) you still discerned the giant in his undress,—the mighty will, that could take up his club, or dart out his strong arm, when passion moved him, and that loitered and lumbered over his ideas, more like a rich man playing with his pockets, than one who had no money in them to amuse him. At all events, if he had not acquired the talent, he knew himself to be master of the whole treasury.

“ You will, perhaps, be surprised to hear me speak in this manner of Cromwell, especially as I have since been conversant with his enemies, and with such as think they have great reason to complain of him. But you must bear in mind that he treated me thus kindly, before I could be said to have any fixed opinions; that he was my friend long before I knew anything of the persons in question, or had heard anything but what was ill; and that if I have since learnt to entertain a more favourable opinion of them, it is because the singular varieties of experience, which fortune has

been pleased that I should undergo, and the great necessity for consolation which that experience brought with it, has sharpened my insight into the good as well as evil which is mixed up with the characters of all men, and which I hail with a sort of gratitude whenever I meet with it. I sometimes doubt whether Cromwell was so well-intentioned a man as at other times I am inclined to think him; but I believe him upon the whole to have had more good in him than ill; and he was a kind man to me and his kindred, and an extraordinary man in the eyes of everybody. Now I admire genius, and am grateful for kindness wherever I find it; and pray do not forget, that I was no born partisan, to render my progress in impartiality so difficult as it is with most men, and sometimes so dishonourable and so cold.

“ But to resume my narrative.

“ The expression of the Protector’s countenance, as he thus resumed his speech, struggled with a dreary smile. It was easy to see that the part taken by the multitude in this affair, secretly displeased him. He more than once (for I have not repeated half he said) intimated his anger at the

officers of justice for not having performed their work with greater discretion; 'clambering on sky-lights,' he said, 'and drawing the gaze of eve's-droppers, when they had the straight gate before them; but there is something ever ill done in the cunning of a traitor.' This was an allusion to Mansel. I little thought in how peculiar a degree the sentence applied to him. But of this presently. I need not observe, that my fears respecting the fate of my companions were entirely allayed by my interview with Cromwell. I had fancied I know not what respecting the abhorrence entertained of the Catholics, by men of all other denominations, and recollected with terror the account of the mortal severities practised on them some years before. An ebullition against them, such as the present, might, possibly, I thought, renew these horrors in the persons of my poor friends; and as my interview commenced in agony, it concluded by putting me in such a state of buoyant delight, that I could scarcely refrain from breaking out into some action of grateful extravagance. Instead of being a mere boyish petitioner, at an immeasurable distance from him

whom I had to entreat, and armed with nothing in my friends' favour but the piteousness of truth and sorrow, I found myself both triumphant and honoured. I was praised for my honesty; admitted to a sort of equality of discourse with the greatest man in England, because of the very greenness of my years; commissioned to bear back good tidings to my friends; and constituted a kind of son, in the state, to him who unquestionably stood in the condition of a sovereign prince.

“ The truth is, that Cromwell, always beyond his age in wishing to tolerate a variety of religious opinions, was at that time particularly anxious to conciliate all classes and descriptions of his new subjects; for such they might be called. In the course of the ensuing year, he had a plan for making the very Jews a part of the body politic: and though he failed in this design, he restored them to the exercise of their religion. He was the first English ruler under whom they had had a synagogue, since their expulsion in the reign of Edward III. It was now his wish, but with as little noise as possible, to see if the Catholics, in their zeal for a kingly government, would not be

glad of a mutual toleration. A friend of Sir Kenelm Digby's (who himself opened a direct communication with him not long afterwards,) had prepared him to expect, not only their good-will, but their gratitude and zealous co-operation; and he was meditating this point, when his old Puritan acquaintance, Harrison, first gave him notice of the harbourage of priests in our house, and rendered it necessary that they should be taken notice of. Cromwell was extremely vexed at this officiousness, which he looked upon as being both impertinent and vindictive, Harrison having quarrelled with him for being neither so good a republican, nor so violent a religionist, as himself; both of which points must be conceded. Mansel was the traitor. The wretch knew well to whom he took his story; but, like most traitors, he was a proper fool, and did not know how matters would terminate. Braythwaite, whom he justly took for a government spy, he forgot to reflect might be a spy on himself also. Former treacheries, to be sure, had succeeded with him; but it was in other times, and the man had no eyes by day-light. What all the world saw, was pure dazzle to him.

He had sight for nothing but holes and corners. He was a dogged, skulking, ignorant fellow—a proper dirty lay-brother—the offspring of some parents worse than himself, who had pretended to be converted by one of the priests of Henrietta Maria, and persuaded their son to make a third in the speculation. Braythwaite was Cromwell's agent; Mansel, by a new conversion, had become Harrison's; and the servant was outwitted, as the master had been.

“It will be recollected, that the apartments in which our fair friends were concealed, contained also a quantity of plate and other valuables. With both of these secrets, that is to say, with the probability that the one would exist, and with the certainty that the other did, these two worthy persons had made themselves well acquainted; and the understanding between them was, that as the ladies would infallibly be put into that sanctuary by Father Waring, the moment his brethren were interrupted, the two colleagues would as surely visit the place afterwards, make a merit of saving the inmates, and reward their virtue by a division of the spoil. To this end, they had paid their

visits a week before, each on different days, to my poor mother, to whom Braythwaite pretended to be a friend at court; and I know not on what plea,—probably some notion of security in case of danger, they obtained from her a list of all the valuables belonging to us, the Protestant getting the civil list, and the Catholic the religious. This was done upon the understanding that each might be secure of the other's honesty, when they came to share the plunder. So far, so good. But Master Braythwaite, preferring the pure politic part of villainy to the hazardous, had the impudentest trick in the world, of doing you a disservice, and then so contriving his part in it, as to lay you under an obligation; and accordingly, he copies out the list in a fair hand, and deposits a duplicate of it with the Protector himself, as my legal guardian: the said me being 'a young gentleman, whose rising virtues and singular good sense, indomitable by those misguided men, whom it was his painful duty to mask himself for the purpose of counteracting, he had many times witnessed with a secret and pious joy.'

“ Before I left him, the Protector put this new

paper into my hand, to shew me how well he was acquainted with all matters concerning my welfare, civil as well as religious, and what ease I might feel respecting them. He then told me I should remain in the prison for a day or two, till the officer of the troop of horse, who had made known to him the melancholy situation of things in which the premises were left, had completed a duty which no man could perform better, and which it was desirable, on every account, to leave in his hands; but I was to go there previously, in order to release the ladies with my own hand, enjoining them at the same time to secrecy, at his Highness's 'special request;' and when this pleasure was over, I was to have my goods and chattels properly reckoned up to me, and to see 'a fool caught in his own trap.'

"On taking leave of Cromwell, and joyfully commencing my journey homewards, I found a drawback on my pleasure, in having Mr Braythwaite assigned me as my warrant and associate; and the man talked so smoothly, and had really taken such good care of our property, that had he not been a liar from head to foot, I could have

found it in my heart to be thankful to him. My first care, on entering the house, was to ascertain that proper respect had been paid to my mother's remains. Everything was right, a respectable female in attendance, and the young officer himself in consultation with another man, whose business I guessed, but did not dare to inquire into. I took care, however, to make them acquainted with a wish of my mother's, who in spite of that opinion which her faith enjoined her to the contrary, could never bring herself to think of being put into the ground without horror; and I earnestly begged that it might not be done till the proofs of decease were past a doubt. Her anxiety, which was often expressed, produced a like fear in myself; nor to this day, whenever I think of it, can I cease to wonder at the indifference with which people in general omit all considerations of the kind, and think of their consignment to wood and earth, as if they had never breathed air, nor possessed a spark of imagination. I should, perhaps, be disposed to admire their courage at one time, as much as I am to tax them with stupidity at another, were not the secret explainable by the usual old and dull

master of most of our earthly ceremonies—habit. The same persons who care nothing for becoming ‘a kneaded clod,’ and subjecting themselves to a long and wasting companionship with the worms, shall express the greatest horror at the idea of being reduced to ashes; nay, to having the air itself let in upon them, and being ‘disturbed,’ as they call it, in their repose. I once knew a man who thought he should dream in his grave, and that his dreams must of necessity be no very pleasant ones. I asked him, if he really thought so. He said, he at least thought *of* it a great deal; so much, that whenever his health was worse than usual, it was his first and last reflection every day, and haunted him besides in the course of it. I asked him, in that case, why he did not give directions for being burnt like an old Roman. ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘one cannot do that. Nobody does it.’ And there is a good deal in the answer too; but it furnishes no reason, at any rate, why care should not be taken to ascertain that the vital spark is really out of us, and that we should have no wish to rise after dreaming. As to this last fancy, the dreams might not be so unpleasant as my ac-

quaintance presumed. The worst dreams on earth are occasioned by what is not likely to occur to us underneath it; to wit, repletion: and if any sensation could survive us in body as well as spirit, perhaps the mingling with the elements might even be as agreeable a process, as it is a natural one.

“ Still I cannot help saying, for one, that I would willingly elude the experiment, and take the wings of the ancient pyrosophy. And yet let us but be sure that the breath has ceased, and that somebody loves us, and who might not sleep in peace? Alas, I am beginning to touch upon the theme that is most painful to me. Will any one ever visit my grave, and give me a flower or a sigh? Yes, one will, or two; perhaps more would if I knew them, but I mean *the* one,—the one, without whom life itself seems but a dream of death!

“ The officer was very kind; and every thing was settled, as I wished. He was Captain Rich, a kinsman of the Earl of Warwick, whose grandson not long afterwards married a daughter of the Protector. I now went to release my fair friends;

Mr Braythwaite, with his usual habit of doing one a service in the midst of his most objectionable interferences, undertaking to see that nobody interrupted me. Before I touched the spring which opened the first covering of the recess, I gave a knock on the wainscot, as loud, yet in as light and friendly a style, as I could. No notice was taken of it. I gave another knock, and another, but still there was no answer. I began to think something had happened; and converted my style to that of one who would take no denial, touching the spring at the same time, and adding, with my lips close to the inner wainscot, that a friend was there. The sound of my voice shewed that the first barrier was removed, and that somebody had come, who at all events knew the secret. 'Who is it?' said a faint voice, which I recognised for that of my lively friend Lady M. 'Philip;—Philip Herne come to release his dear friends, and to tell them that they are in no danger.' As I uttered these words, I opened the second spring, and was in the apartment, which constituted their sitting-room.

"Nobody was there. I went into the bed-room,

and there found my friends, more dead than alive; two of them hiding their faces in each other's arms, and Lady M. in vain repeating to them in a faint voice, that it was Sir Philip himself. My voice soon convinced them. The difficulty now was to make them support their joy. Lady M. in the variety of these agitations had strength enough to grow a little angry. She seemed inclined, I know not for what reason, perhaps because she could find no other way of shewing her regard, to include me in her objections. I put my hand in a playful manner over her lips, and said, that we must all think as highly of one another as possible, and do our best towards a mutual support; for that a circumstance still remained to be told, which would not the less touch their hearts, because there was no peril in it. I then related what was taking place above stairs. My friends were moved to a new passion of tears, but more quietly, with the exception of her ladyship; who, after loading me with kind speeches, and shewing herself more agitated than she yet had been, would have set anger and everything else at defiance to shew her regard for my mother, if herself only had been

concerned. In default of being able to shew her sympathy to this practical extent, she turned the vehemence of her feelings against the traitor Mansel, and expected his coming with impatience. The other ladies (for they were not to quit the premises till night, and meanwhile Braythwaite had assured all friends of their safety) anticipated the meeting with him, as a pastime; nor did I know whether to think myself more or less of a man, for not participating the pleasure. I felt as if I should be as much ashamed as he. My fair friends partook of none of these misgivings, whether weak or strong. They expressed a vigorous satisfaction, which put my doubts to the blush; and in default of not having been able to eat much since their concealment, seemed to look forward to the interview as a sort of refreshment to their appetites. Braythwaite, suspected as he was, was forgiven and even regarded with pleasure, for his traitorousness to the traitor. Not being certain of his part in the matter, they chose to be certain of nothing about it, in order that the whole passion of their abhorrence might be devoted to one object.

In about a quarter of an hour, Mr Braythwaite made his appearance, and told us that we might expect Mansel in a few minutes. He begged me to secrete myself at first, in a closet which contained some of the valuables, where I was to remain till a circumstance called me forth. This closet was in the chamber. The other precious deposits were enclosed in a wall of the sitting-room; and like the former, were as artfully concealed as the apartments.

“ In a few minutes a dead silence among the ladies announced the opening of the wainscot. I could hear Braythwaite speaking, and then Mansel, but could not distinguish what they said. Mansel pretended that he had secured the safety, not only of the ladies, but of all their friends; and that the late event had been planned by Sir Kenelm Digby in concert with the Protector, in order to frustrate a worse plot. It may be imagined with what faces the ladies received this intelligence; with how tranquil, as well as courteous a silence. The murmurs that died on their lips, the poor wretch attributed to gratitude; and begged them not to distress themselves by trying to vent it.

The valuables were then to be secured, and the ladies were requested to withdraw on the plea above mentioned. How the treasures were all to be removed had not been agreed upon. Time and patience would be necessary, as the keys of the house were in the hands of government; but the keys could be imitated; and meanwhile, Mansel had provided himself with ample pockets. Lady M. could not resist looking at the operators through the crevice of a small sliding pannel, which the ladies had found out in their anxiety, and which she now ventured to move a little back. The men stood sideways to it, and a light from a window above fell on their countenances. They whispered, compared their lists, and then approached the wainscot. Back slid the magic walls, and a store of wealth became visible, 'itself,' said Mr Braythwaite, 'looking like magic.' Chalice, pyxes, crucifixes, silver ewers, the plate of two ancient households, rich stuffs, and cabinets of ebony and silver, containing jewels, presented themselves to the beholders in the amplitude of a deep recess, looking like one of the closets of Mammon. Lady M. told me, that for an instant

she could hardly help admiring the 'dirty traitor,' (an appellation well warranted by Mansel's dress as well as proceeding,) as though he had been the possessor of all this wealth; and she said, that the anticipation gave even to his scowling aspect, a momentary expression of dignity.

"He turned to survey the apartment, and the pannel was hastily closed. On re-opening it, she saw him with a face as mean and anxious, as it was before visited with a glimpse of greatness, hastily stuffing his pockets with the boxes containing the jewellery. When this was done, he sat down, as if in a state of exhaustion. A whispering took place, at the end of which Braythwaite went out; and in a little while, a gentle knock at the bed-room door announced, that Brother Mansel had something to communicate.

The door was opened. The good brother, with many apologies, said he felt himself ill under these agitations, and requested permission to repose for a few minutes on one of the beds. Mr Braythwaite, he said, had stepped out, but would return to them forthwith; and then the apartments would be no farther disturbed. The ladies, ready

to choke with indignation, and scarcely able to frame an answer, even through the medium of their most vigorous organ Lady M., stepped accordingly into the room; and it was not without alarm, that I heard this sturdy thief lock the door after them.

“ For a few minutes I concluded him occupied in surveying the room, to see that all was safe. He then approached the closet, and hastily touched the spring.

“ I retreated into a corner that turned round a little from the entrance, so that in coming in, he pounced immediately on what was before him. It consisted of the smallest but selectest part of the whole treasure, secreted thus as a last resource, in case the detectors of the other closet might have taken it for the only one, or possessed but one clue of discovery. The spring accordingly was on a different principle; and Mansel had flattered himself, that in withholding a part of this information from Braythwaite, and at the same time contriving to be secure against a like omission in the list of his companion, the latter had not been as cunning as he. Braythwaite, indeed, had

omitted nothing, being allowed by government to expect a certain remuneration without hazard; and trusting, for the amount of it, to the blushing gratitude of those whose property he saved. On the contrary, he had conducted himself in such an open manner towards Mansel, and trusted him so implicitly, that the latter took him for a fool.

“The lay brother knew very well the amount of what was concealed in this closet. He had the list in his pocket, and was secure of its being a correct one. Besides, he was deeply interested in losing no time. He therefore soon possessed himself of the few small cabinets that contained this quintessence of our stock, not however without a considerable degree of agitation, his hands trembling, and his cheek looking as pale, as his eye was dark and eager.

“There was a small round of glass in a corner of the ceiling, that cast the principal part of the light midway between him and myself. I reached forward from my retreat, and on his turning to go out, he encountered a face as pale as his own, that must have seemed suspended in the air. Any face would have struck him with terror at that

moment; but, by the commencement of a broken speech, it was evident that he knew it instantly; knew it for the face of one, whom he had consigned to a prison, and who for aught that appeared to the contrary, had died, and become a spirit. He rushed by in the utmost horror, and found Braythwaite and the ladies, and two other persons, standing before him.

“They had entered by a door unknown to him. His terror was unbounded. He bolted from Braythwaite like a hunted ox, turned round to see if my face was still visible (which it was,) endeavoured to stammer out something to the women, and finally, beheld, in the strangers, two Catholics whom he had formerly betrayed. These men had professed themselves converts, to save their lives; and while they secretly endeavoured to console their consciences, by doing all they could for their old brethren under pretence of acting against them (a conduct, indeed, for which they had a Jesuit’s warrant), they entertained a mortal hatred for their betrayer.

“The confusion which at first kept him silent, at length forced him to speak. ‘I shall explain

all,' said he, with a despairing affectation of scorn; 'but not before that man,' (meaning Braythwaite).

"'All is explained, I think,' said Braythwaite, with a smile, looking at the closet.

"'Oh, as for that matter,' returned Mansel, 'there are more closets in the world than one.'

"'If you mean the one in the next room,' replied his colleague; 'Sir Philip has a paper of its contents.'

"'A paper!' said Mansel, with a sneer. He would fain have added a reason for his sneer; but he mechanically put his hands to his pockets, and his heart died within him.

"'I know what you would say,' observed the tormenting Braythwaite; 'papers differ;—it is very true: but Sir Philip's property, as well as his person, is under the guardianship of his Highness the Protector, whose schedule is as complete as yours.'

"'Villain!' cried Mansel. 'His Highness shall know what you have said of him!'

"Braythwaite laughed. 'Business,' said he, 'is not to be carried on without a capital. I have

a license to take out certain privileges of speech in his Highness's service. In a word, I will put an end to this controversy. Brother Mansel's business consists in betraying his friends, mine in betraying traitors. His only chance of escaping the gallows is in silence: and this I earnestly exhort him to keep.'

"Lady M. thought she should have a great deal to say on the occasion, but indignation and her better breeding alike prevented it. She contented herself with putting an end to the scene. 'For God's sake, take him away,' said she;—'and here, my poor friends,' (whom by their anxiety she guessed not to be common thief-takers), 'here is money, which Mr Braythwaite will allow you to drink with.'

"The poor Irishmen (for such they were) poured a thousand angels and saints on her ladyship's head; protesting, with tears in their eyes, that they wished they could all three hang together, for they deserved it; meaning, not her blessed ladyship, but this devil incarnate. Braythwaite explained. He repeated, that silence was best for all who had offended; and intimated, that he

knew no limits to what his Highness might choose both to pardon and to tolerate, provided others could forget as well as himself.

“I need not say with what delight I returned to my friends in the prison; nor what a relief it was to the most resolute of them, to find, that they had the glory of having prepared for martyrdom without the necessity of encountering it. Next day, the Protector sent for Waring, and had a long conference with him. ‘This is a wonderful man,’ said Waring, when he came away: ‘to hear him talk, one would think that everybody had it in his power to bring about the Millennium, and so everybody could, if everybody could agree; but there is the difficulty.’

“ ‘The Millennium!’ said I, ‘why Captain Rich told me, that the men who talk in that way are held by him in profound contempt.’

“ ‘Yes, because they are for thrusting peace and quietness, and a particular set of opinions, down everybody’s throat. They tell the lamb to lie down with the lion, and to cease to have his opinions of grass and a stall, on pain of his being torn limb from limb. This is their Millennium.

Now his Highness would indulge the whole animal creation in their opinions of food and lodging; with the little proviso, that they all submit to his directions for that purpose; but as he does not think the season ripe for proclaiming his indulgences, and so continues to make exceptions, and to hold a strong hand over all, there are perverse people, who will not take him at his word; and at this he professes to wonder; nay, to weep!

“ ‘And does he weep in good earnest?’ I asked; ‘are his tears real?’

“ ‘As real as a woman’s,’ replied Waring, with an uneasy smile; ‘and perhaps as weak. Ill health and contending humours are very weak things, even in the strongest.’ I asked Waring why he smiled, and yet looked so melancholy. ‘For melancholy,’ he answered, ‘there are always too many reasons, as things go in this world. As to my smile, your question reminded me of a passage in our favorite poet, where the poor old King touches the weeping cheeks of his daughter, and says, “Be these tears wet?” ’Tis a melancholy passage too,—most melancholy; and yet so nearly are the moods of sorrow and mirth allied in the

present condition of humanity, that I could not help smiling to think of you as the old King, and the Protector with his rugged face as the fair Cordelia.'

"These phrases: 'As things go at present,' 'In this present condition of humanity,' &c., were frequent ones in the mouth of my excellent friend, particularly when a forlorn sentiment was to be qualified. He was so uneasy in contemplating the miseries of mankind, that he would have loved hope for its own sake, even if he had not looked upon it as a duty. 'Hope,' he said, 'is enjoined, as well as charity. We can no more say that the world will continue to be what it is, than we can say what it was ten thousand years ago; and a Christian has less reason to say so than any other man, because he is expressly enjoined to look for a better state of things, even on earth.'

"'The Millennium itself?' said I.

"'Yes,' returned the good father, 'in spirit, if not in letter. I know not if ever lions can be changed as well as savages, so as to lie down with those whom their very instincts, during the present mysterious economy of life and death,

call upon them to rend: but change of any sort, however wonderful, is no more wonderful than the existence of the thing to be changed. Perhaps even the good that may come, could not take place without these evils, which at present so much perplex us.'

“ ‘ And this is what you told the Protector? ’

“ ‘ Yes; and he was pleased to embrace me for it; telling me, that if he could find but one person of my way of thinking, for every different profession of belief, he should not despair of seeing the kingdom of heaven anticipated by some hundreds of years.’

“ After a month's imprisonment, Cromwell set my friends at liberty, dispersing them into a variety of quarters, and enjoining them to keep solitary and silent. To Father Waring he gave permission to go where he pleased, with the exception of Oxford, to which place I was to be sent without delay, in order that my religious opinions might be at once proclaimed and secured; but he was at liberty to write to me, and to meet me anywhere else; and I accordingly saw him whenever I came to London. Cromwell stipulated with him, not

that he should be silent, but that he should talk. 'Talk,' said he, 'whenever you can, but especially among your brethren, and in the same strain you have used towards myself. It will assist the views of us both; and I desire you to think well of mine, only so far as they accord with your own, and may be advanced by means of the same wisdom.' Whether this extraordinary person used the 'same strain' next day, in talking to a Fifth-Monarchy Man or a Libertine, may be made a question; but he had the art of persuading some persons little less extraordinary than himself, to believe that he partook of their sincerest and noblest aspirations. Milton was one of them: and I believe Sir Harry Vane would have been another, had he not been in Parliament, and occupied a station which made Cromwell's ascendancy a thing personal. Vane had the profoundest views, and could discuss them in the profoundest as well as clearest manner, of anybody I ever conversed with, notwithstanding the jargon in which he would sometimes both talk and write.

"I was anxious to know, after all, how the Protector would quiet the minds of the neighbourhood

in which my friends had made a sensation so terrible. He did it by one of his masterly manoeuvres. A circumstance of a singular nature occurred the year before, and was about to conclude with a spectacle a great deal more so. Don Pantaleon Sa, brother of the Ambassador from Portugal, thinking he could do at London as gentry of his complexion conduct themselves in the capital of his own country, had picked a quarrel with an English officer of the name of Gerard, upon some correction of a false political report, very civilly given him by the other. This absurdity he thought himself entitled to follow up by a murderous attack in open day; and accordingly he proceeded, with a number of armed men, to scuffle with a person whom he took for Gerard, in the Royal Exchange. The poor man was killed; and the Portuguese, to his gentlemanly astonishment, was called upon to be tried for his life. A jury, half English and half Portuguese, found him guilty; and his astonishment, and that of all ambassadors, indeed of all Europe, was completed, by his being executed in the Tower.

What rendered every circumstance connected with this matter to the last degree remarkable, was, that Gerard himself was executed the same day in the same place, for a conspiracy against the life of Cromwell in favour of the absent King. This was as much as to say, 'The Protector's life is of the greatest value: so is that of every man in the country; and neither of them shall be assailed with impunity. If an Englishman dies for attempting mine, no quality nor imaginary privilege shall save the man who attempts the life of an Englishman.' The nations heard; and it may be justly added, they trembled. Cromwell said, that he would make the name of Englishman as much respected, as that of an old Roman; and it is not to be denied, that he kept his word.

"Poor Gerard, (who was a Captain, not a Colonel in the army, as he is commonly styled) was a generous enthusiastic young man, led away by some doctrines, which the gravest of his Majesty's counsellors, in the irritability of their exile, did not scruple to countenance. He became their victim; and it will be lucky for some of his

patrons, if they continue to be as secure from similar re-actions, as their pride induces them to suppose.*

“ Don Pantaleon, being a gentleman, had the pleasure of having his head cut off between walls, and before a select assembly of spectators; but his accomplices were hanged at Tyburn. The execution took place in July, about a fortnight after the mistake of my friends; and Cromwell seized the opportunity of merging the retrospections of the neighbourhood, in the prospect of this new Catholic spectacle. The parish authorities, by his direction, stuck up a paper in Drury Lane, briefly

* This looks prophetic of the severe and all but mortal beating, which Clarendon received at Rouen during his exile. The perpetrators are said to have been seamen, angry at not having been paid certain arrears. And they may have been so; but the memory of Dorislaus and others was probably mixed up with the reasons they had assigned to themselves for turning assassins. Sir Philip is mistaken in his correction of Gerard's rank. He was an Ensign (cousin of Lord Gerard, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield). See Clarendon, vol. vi. p. 491. (I quote from a note in Rapin, vol. xiii. p. 101. Edition of 1731.)—*Edit.*

stating, that a misapprehension had taken place relative to the criminal proceedings of certain papists in that quarter, who were now in prison, and would be dealt with according to their deserts; and then, in terms more at large, it enjoined the inhabitants to behave quietly during the public execution of certain ‘*other papists, accomplices of Don Pantaleon Sa, Knight of Malta, brother of the Portuguese Ambassador, who were to be hung at Tyburn for the barbarous and bloody murder of an Englishman, John Gerard, by name, on Friday next, at the hour of six o’clock in the morning; the said Don Pantaleon Sa, Knight of Malta, brother of the Portuguese Ambassador, being to suffer death on the same day, for the same offence, in his Highness’s prison of the Tower.*’

CHAPTER III.

“ Now comes the part of my history which it is more painful to me to write than all the rest, though containing the brightest of my days. Is it possible then, that I should feel what I do, now that I am writing these very words? That I should wish those days to return at any price, and though their consequences should be worse to me than they have been? Yes, it is even so, Margaret, most beloved of womankind; you who care nothing for me, though I would willingly die and suffer agonies in every part of my being, so that one atom of me might again be able to hear thee say, I love you!—to hear thee say it, and believe. The hot tears pour down my cheeks, at once taunting my manhood, and enabling me to

say I care not for it. Once in many months they refresh me thus; and surely I have a right to take this pity on myself, I who am a human being, and cannot be left out of the list of those who suffer.

“ I quit my writing, and walk out into the silence of night.—That there is love in the world, I know, because I feel it. Let this be enough. Of this certainty nothing can deprive me.

“ My going to the University was the best thing that could have happened, to settle the tumult of my spirits, and enable me to commence life upon a plan.—On returning next day to Whitehall, as the Protector had desired me, I found with him a clergyman of a striking and even majestic presence, but with something nevertheless in his aspect highly prepossessing, a look both sincere and benevolent. It was the celebrated John Owen, the bishop of the Independents, and Cromwell’s Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. I accompanied him in the course of a few days to the University, and was entered of Magdalen College, where, to my astonishment, I found a chapel in cathedral order, and an organ which was played upon by a kinsman of the famous Orlando Gibbons.

These 'abominations,' as they were then termed, had miraculously escaped the purifications which most of the colleges had undergone. I had still an affection, and indeed have now, for those elegancies of the Catholic service, which Protestant bishops have been accused of a wish to retain. Nothing, I thought, could be too graceful or happy to express an intercourse with the joys of heaven; though I gladly sided with those, who would discountenance all attempts to favour us with a reverse to the picture. In our collegiate worship, I recognised, with surprise and joy, a likeness of our Catholic aspirations; the same angelical-looking thing, pruned indeed in the wings, but to the loss of nothing but what was superfluous and discomposed, and retaining its graces, its vesture, and its song. I thought of Crashaw leading his angelical life under the roof of St Mary's Church at Cambridge, a place neither more nor less Catholic than the one which contained our own choristers; and it is inconceivable what tranquillity I found in thus lighting upon a house of religion, in which my mother's faith and my own seemed to be reconciled.

Surely, thought I (and I think so still), the good in everything might be led thus to meet together; and the evil dropped, as a mistake not belonging to it.

“My time at Oxford was spent delightfully. I was a reasonable student. I wandered about the groves; I lapsed about the Isis in a boat, reading, or half dreaming: I projected a thousand modes of being useful and renowned, none of which have taken place: and when I went to chapel, I fancied myself in heaven. Among other acquaintances, I had the honour of being intimate with Christopher Wren, who, though younger than myself, knew as much as any twenty of us put together; and through him I knew Doctor Wilkins, the warden of his college, who afterwards married the Protector's sister; and, perhaps on that account, thought that people, some day, might be able to fly to the moon. Had the flight not been quite so high, one might observe, that it is scarcely possible to say what mankind may not be able to do hereafter, purely because they cannot do it now. If a Roman had been told that a master of a ship, some day, might

be able to strike three thousand miles across the Atlantic, straight to his object, without once seeing the stars, and consulting nothing but a circle of brass in his cabin, he would have laughed as heartily, as we do at Dr Wilkins's flying chariot.

“ The loss of Father Waring's society, and I may add, my own affectionate disposition, would have led me to form some ardent friendship; but circumstances had rendered me diffident. I hesitated to go out of my own thoughts, or hazard the doubts, perhaps the dislike, of the individuals to whom I could have been so strongly attached. My feelings, therefore, were treasured up, to be poured out with the greater profusion, when a still stronger emotion should arrive. There was a kinsman of Captain Rich, who would perhaps have become my friend, in the high sense which I attach to that word; but he left college almost immediately after I grew acquainted with him, and was killed in the wars in Ireland. I have great love for his memory, because he was the person who introduced me to the lady of whom I am about to speak, and resembled her in some of his best qualities.

“ Petrarch has recorded the day and the hour in which he first had sight of the mistress whom he has immortalized. I can immortalize nobody ; but I can die for one ; and as a lover, who understands and venerates a minuteness that may appear ridiculous to everybody else, I could never forget all the circumstances, had they been the meanest in the world, under which I first beheld the object that was destined to be of so much importance to my life. They were, however, not mean. The representatives of princes were proud to join in them. I speak of the marriage of the Protector's daughter Mary to Lord Fauconberg.

“ The week before, his daughter Frances had been married to Mr Rich, grandson of the Earl of Warwick. Cromwell, seeing my friend among the company, and finding he had just left collège, was pleased to ask after me under the title of ‘ his little truth-telling acquaintance.’ Mr Cope said that I was as truth-telling as ever, but not quite so little, having started up to a height pretty nearly as great as that of his Highness. ‘ Then,’ quoth the Protector, ‘ he must come and see us, that we may look him right in the face, which

is ever a comfort with the tellers of truth.' I had accordingly the honour of receiving an invitation to the second wedding, and with great delight attended it on the 18th of November 1657.

“It was expected that some extraordinary scenes would be mixed up with the gravity of this occasion, Cromwell, upon the previous one, having given way to some levities into which he now and then started, to the consternation of his Master of the Ceremonies. They were not stranger, though perhaps more violent, than kings have been known to indulge in. I have heard stranger ones related of James; but perhaps they were less looked for in a man of Cromwell's reputation and fortunes; and this may have been one of the reasons why he committed them. Not having been born to his state, perhaps occasionally violating some petty formality of it unawares, he may have acted out of a sort of spite to it; or perhaps his vagaries had something in them of the same hysterical mixture of melancholy and animal spirits, which vented itself at other times in a passion of tears. Again, they may have been part

of the simplicity of real greatness—simple in itself, even though condescending to artifice for its purposes; and seeing no reason, at times, why the boy was not as great and wise a thing as the man. Or, lastly, they may themselves have been artifices to create confidence and good will, and baffle the gravity of objection. I would not swear, that sometimes a little too much burnt claret had not to do with it. Be all this as it may, the Master of the Ceremonies was not the less astonished, nor, most likely, the parties themselves. Cromwell would break off from the gravest and most pressing discussions, at the signal of an accidental jest, or a passing expression of fatigue, and play and romp like a boy; throwing about the cushions, pulling hair, and having a chase round the council table. It is well known, that when he and the other regicides were signing the death-warrant, he smeared Ingoldsby's face with the pen, having dipped it too full of ink. This was certainly an hysterical action, and the only one that I never could reconcile to my better notions of him. It is impossible to conceive any state of feeling, diseased or healthy, which should have been al-

lowed to disturb the decorum of such a moment. Probably it arose from an intense consciousness of his being ignorant how to hit the exact point of behaviour. His inconsequentialities were usually of a pleasanter character. I remember I was present one day, when, in the course of a most affecting conversation with Lord Orrery, on the subject of childhood, which brought the tears in their eyes, the Protector suddenly asked him if he could play at leap-frog, and actually had a leap or two with him on the spot; delighting, as he went over the noble Lord, to dig his knuckles in his back, and make him groan under the transit.

“On the present occasion, however, whether matters had been carried too far the last time, or Cromwell was not in the humour, or Lady Fauconberg was of a graver and statelier turn than her sister, the men of the old court were not destined to be shocked. Nothing could be more princely, or *comme il faut*, than the whole ceremony. Cromwell, though he pelted nobody with comfits, nor pitched wine into any of the bosoms of the ladies, (which was an enormity he was accused of in the former instance,) was in

excellent but equal spirits, and distributed the gladness and gratitude which princes distribute around their circles by a word and a smile. Lord Fauconberg was a gallant young man, with an open, ambitious front; his bride a truly princely-looking female, as stately as he: and as they stood under the canopy, you might have thought they comprised, in their two persons, the whole stock of a double line of kings.

“ ‘And there is my friend Philip become a man?’ said the Protector, as he came round among us, and recognised me talking to Captain Rich. I made my bow. ‘Well, Sir Philip,’ continued he, ‘why you are a proper youth, and a tall, as they say in the ballads: you would fain overreach us, ha! for all you have no guile?’

“ ‘I said that would be an impossible attempt, his Highness being the object.’

“ ‘How so?’ returned Cromwell, in great good humour, willing to give my conceit its effect, and not sorry to be complimented by one whom he thought sincere.

“ ‘I said, that his Highness would always have the advantage of his antagonists by a brain’s height,

even if he should miraculously fail in any other respect.

“He laughed, and turning to a bevy of ladies, cried out gaily, ‘You should not listen to Dick Ingoldsby; he is a mad flatterer, and means but half what he says. You should talk to Sir Philip Herne.’

“At that minute, as I looked among the fair circle to whom he addressed himself, I caught the eye of a young lady, who was regarding me with a peculiar expression of interest and approbation. Her face was very beautiful, the expression of it more so; and as it looked at me, it seemed to breathe a trusting and even affectionate delight. It was a flattery that stamped me for life.

“Margaret Emilia Frances de Tormy de Vavasour, sole heiress of the noble family of de Tormy, was married at an early age to Walter, Earl Vavasour, whose widow she became in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-one. When I first saw her, which was in November 1657, at the marriage just mentioned, she was in her seventeenth year, two years younger than myself, and had the most entire and radiant beauty I ever beheld.

This look, of superiority without insolence, she has ever retained. Some jealous critics might have thought her too tall; but she was not so, still less in the eyes of a person of my own height and taste, who have ever loved to be on an equality with my friends, and to be able, as the Protector said, 'to look them in the face.' Not that she was nearly as tall as myself: that would have been preposterous in a woman; I only mean she was as much so, as is compatible with feminine grace. Her figure was in every respect womanly; her face as blooming as a country maiden's, yet with the delicacy of a court; her expression singularly frank, open, and artless. In a word, Raphael or Titian might have painted her, as a specimen of her sex; but to a lover she was more. She seemed active and cheerful enough to walk with you all over the world; and fitted to grace your companionship, wherever you might be found.

"Alas! I say, *was*, as if she were not as beautiful now, and had not qualities capable of being all this and more; but I speak of a time when I was happy; and I love to paint her, as if she still made me so.

“I remember nothing more of what took place that day at court, except that we dined, and that I sat within three or four of the beautiful stranger, my whole attention divided between the voice of the Protector and her’s. The ladies had made room for me, when introduced to them by Cromwell; and my address not having been spoilt either by rusticity or sophistication, I behaved very well, and was treated with an attention that might have turned the head of anybody, whose thoughts lived in a less romantic sphere. . . . At times, I caught the same divine face, looking at me with an expression of enquiry. At dinner I was unfortunately placed on the same side; but when she spoke, I seemed to behold her with my ears; and her voice, though one of the most natural I ever heard, sounded unlike any other. It seemed, as if she must make happy every person she spoke to.

“I loved her so, (for surely that must have been the reason) that I often wondered afterwards, how it was that the discovery of her being married did not impress me with greater melancholy. The truth was, that supposing her gifted with all the qualities which were exhibited in her face, I loved

her for them and for her own sake, really apart from any immediate result to myself; and perhaps the common lover's idea of an angel was something more literal in my mind than is usual, owing to the extraordinary circumstances in my education. My love for Miss Fleming was purely boyish. Lady M. would have made me believe there was no love, but what all the creation partook of. I was too much taken up with my love to say, 'This is love.' I did not criticise my sensations, nor think at all of myself. I said, 'What an angelical creature!' and this feeling absorbed me.

The first thing that made me at all conscious, was a speech of an acquaintance of my friend Cope's, after I had been talking with her and her husband. Cope had introduced me. The conversation in Cromwell's court was freer than has been supposed, at least among those who retained or affected the old court manners; and, secretly, among others too. I was leaning against a door, reflecting on an observation she had made about festivals and pastimes, when this gentleman, to whom I had been the same day introduced, came

up, and said, 'You are very lucky, Sir Philip, in knowing the greatest beauty of the court: I have been hunting for Cope to introduce me to Lord Vavasour, but cannot find him.' I could hardly take this hint, having but just been introduced myself; but I was casting in my mind whether some means might not be found, when Cope came up, and relieved him. 'So,' said he to me in a low voice, as he was going, 'you have found her discourse as charming as her face? Well, do do you know who she is?'

" 'How do you mean?'

" 'Why, I mean, do you remember, at Mandlin, being told of a certain lady, who said you should be her champion, and she would give you a kiss? 'Tis she! 'Faith, it is. You may stare, but it's true as the gospel.'

" 'Am I indeed so lucky! thought I; or, how is it, that I feel at this moment so happy, and yet so thoughtful? This then accounts for the interest with which she looked at me, when she heard my name. Did the sight accord with what she had preconceived of my countenance, or did it not disappoint her? Her husband is a great deal older

than herself, but still in the prime of life; a spirited man; well looking; conversible, if not altogether agreeable. I wish I could like him better. These thoughts passed in confusion through my mind. I concluded them, by thinking, that on his own showing, I should have made her a better husband than he; and then, for the time, I felt as if I was both unhappy and criminal. Of my unhappiness however I could not persuade myself; and my criminality consisted of nothing but an exceeding delicacy, which induced me to reproach myself for the least fancy that associated her image with that of wrong. Any actual wrong, anything like concealment, or injury to either party, I was neither vicious, nor vain enough, to contemplate; but I reproached myself for the least involuntary fancy, incompatible with the truth and singleness of her nature. To be unhappy I tried in vain, for I was near her.

“What Cope alluded to, was this. The Protector, some time after the occurrence, and when a new talk of the Papists had come up, had made some of his friends acquainted with the circumstances that took me to college, Lord Vavasour,

among others; and his Lordship had told them to his wife. I was declaiming one day to Wren, after my enthusiastical fashion, on the beauty of truth, and the easiness with which it might be practised by all persons of a decent understanding; and my face, I believe, had an unusual glow in it, arising from the mixed feelings, with which I regarded that of Wren (whose mathematical faculties seemed to doubt what his heart desired), when Cope came in from London, and cried out, 'There he is at it, with Plato and all the prophets; looking, I'll be sworn, just as I have heard him described by as great a man as any of them.' I suddenly halted, wondering what he meant. 'Don't be profane,' cried Wren, 'even in the religiousness of your zeal; but pray tell us your mystery.' Upon this Cope related how he had found the Protector at his cousin Rich's house; and how his Highness, finding him newly arrived from college, had asked after me; and then called to mind the circumstances above mentioned, which the Captain, by his permission, for the first time disclosed to my acquaintance. The Captain then related to Cromwell the im-

pression which my story had made on Lady Vavasour, who turned triumphantly to her Lord, and cried, 'There, my Lord; truth, you see, is great, and *will* prevail.'

" 'Ay,' said Lord Vavasour, 'with those who have reasons for letting it.'

" 'He is a fool,' murmured the Protector,

" 'So her Ladyship seemed inclined to tell him,' said Captain Rich. 'She had the will, and the spirit too, I'll be sworn, if she had not a secret persuasion, that he knew more than herself.' (This part of my acquaintance's report, I now called to mind in a way that startled me).

" 'Well,' cried the young Countess, 'if my sincerity is ever put to it for want of a champion, as your Lordship forsakes me, I shall apply to Sir Philip Herne.'

" 'And give him a kiss for his conquest,' said the Earl, 'like a proper wronged princess!'

" 'Why not,' said the Lady, 'if it be the custom?' But then she blushed, as much as to say she had not thought of that.

" 'Twas the fool put it in her head,' observed Cromwell—'Tis an honest wench, but she

must not talk of kissing, wise or foolish.'—'His Highness, I suppose,' said Cope in conclusion, 'thinks it too good a thing to be talked of. Worse stories are told of him and a certain lady, for all his face-making.'

"Let me here remark that not a syllable was ever breathed against the honour of Lady Vavasour; no, not by the wildest of mankind. The wild, indeed, knew little of her, for she spent the chief part of her time in the country, where her lord, being attached to rural sports, was fond of residing; and he had a sister, who to a maternal time of life, added the feelings of a mother, and impressed the staidest principles of old times on the wedded orphan. Lord Vavasour may be said to have received his bride from the hands of a dying father. She had lost her mother before; a stately and somewhat proud woman, but generous. The estates of Vavasour and de Tormy joined. The possessors were old friends and fellow sportsmen; the Viscount, a trusting good-hearted man; the Earl, a man of the world, less conscientious, but good-humoured, prudent in his pleasures, and with a great reputation for success

in all that he did. The Viscount said he should die in comfort, if certain that his daughter had such a protector for life. The daughter, who was very young, assented out of pure filial regard, not needing, on such an occasion, even the deference that was paid to her will, though far from insensible to that pleasure at other times. As soon as custom permitted, after the death of his friend, the Earl married her, glad enough to obtain for his bride the youngest and greatest beauty in Surrey, who was also the greatest fortune.

“I speak of this nobleman with the less scruple, for reasons which will hereafter be manifest.

“I once heard great ridicule thrown upon what is called love at first sight. I sat still, and was silent, fearful lest the warmth of my belief in it should provoke enquiries into what I had experienced. Doubtless there may be imaginary or idle cases of this sort, which deserve the ridicule; but I suppose that love at first sight means nothing more, than that we suddenly meet with a person, who seems to realize our preconceived notions of excellence; and that, possessing enthusiasm and imagination, we receive the impression with trans-

port, and entertain it till it becomes a fixture. Alas! to know the grounds of what we feel, does not hinder us from feeling it, if it be accordant with our natures. Such was my own case at first: such it is now. I know what such an image as then arose upon me, ought to contain; and I love it for the very properties it refuses to believe in.

“I had an invitation from Lord Wavasour to visit him with Mr Cope. I went, none the better for my companion’s railleries by the way. I went again several times, after the death of that good-natured and gallant friend; and again was at Mickleham for two days, just after I left college. Their house was on the river Mole, in a beautiful hollow between Mickleham and Dorking; lovely with vernal greens, lonely with yew trees. I thought I had better not go that time; but I went. There was no danger to anybody but me; and I persuaded myself, that the gallantry of the consideration gave me a right. It was a bright summer day; and as I turned one of the avenues near the house, I heard her laugh in a manner so open and unconstrained, that the sound smote me with joy and sorrow. ‘You have no right

in this place, Herne,' I said to myself; 'turn back: now is the time; now is the moment. You have been invited, but only in a general manner, with twenty others: you are not expected: you are not wanted: perhaps you are never thought of. Nay then, I will enter, if it be but once more, in order to console myself.'

"The great charm of Lady Vavasour, a charm in my eyes a thousand times greater than her beauty, lovely as that was, and a proper casket for the pearl, consisted in the perfect air of truth, which accompanied the least of her actions, When she smiled, it was a smile unadulterated by the least affectation or drawback; when she looked, she looked only to see, and not to be looked at; when she spoke, you were not only sure of her speaking as she thought, but every thing around you, somehow, looked the truer for it. You felt surer of the very ground under your feet, and the sky over-head. Perhaps this is speaking like a lover; but truth causes it. She was as cheerful as health and youth could make her; generous as became her riches, handsome as an angel; sang, danced, and wrote a letter

to perfection; in short, with the exception of one instance, (which, however, she did not seem to be aware of, and therefore it was as if it had no existence,) was a brilliant specimen of a fortunate human being. I never heard her, at that time, express a regret, but at having no children; and this she did in a tone so gay and off-hand, that although she immediately checked herself, and Lord Vavasour looked both sorry and displeased, it was easy to see that the occasion alone had called it forth, and that she missed nothing but the pleasure of having a little playfellow. She was patting the cheeks of a rosy child, the daughter of her husband's steward, and playfully comparing the colour of its lips with some cherries she was eating. "'Tis a little senseless thing," said she, "after all, is a child," walking away, and affecting, for the first time I ever knew her do so, something which she did not feel:—"they are best in pictures. Do you know, Sir Philip, we have another Vandyke? 'Tis a portrait of Miss de Vavasour, as handsome as an angel. My Lord has just received it from the executors of her uncle. She

says she cannot bear to look at it, she has grown so old; but I tell her, that if I had a portrait of myself like that, I should think I never grew old. I should always say, I have nothing to do with age: 'tis none of my seeking, nor I won't have it:—*that's me.*

“This is the way she always talked at that time, playfully, kindly, sincerely; for her liveliest and most wilful fancies had a foundation of truth in them, nor did it seem more possible to others than to herself, that such a charming creature should ever be old. My Lord looked at her with admiration and gratitude for thus turning the discourse; and for once, I thought his physiognomy was free from a look of sarcasm.

“This, however, was not on the day I speak of. His Lordship was in full possession of his scepticism that day. The laugh I heard on turning the corner, was at the expense of my poetical friend Milton.

“‘Oh, Sir Philip,’ exclaimed the Countess, as she saw me, ‘I am glad you are come; for you know you are my champion in romance, and here is my Lord profaning my favourite poet.’

“ ‘Who is he?’ said I, eagerly.

“ ‘She had a book in her hand, which she held out for me to look at. It was the volume of poems, which this celebrated partizan had published some years before, containing the ‘Allegro,’ and ‘Pensieroso.’

“ ‘I have it in my pocket,’ cried I, with inexpressible delight.

“ ‘That is good,’ returned the Countess, ‘then we are both armed, and now for the combat.’

“ ‘Both armed,’ thought I; ‘both! — How lovely is the word! Sweet warrior, armed with poetry and beauty! Who can resist thee?’

“ ‘Lord Vavasour was in the habit of telling his wife, that all men at a certain time of life gave up the opinions of their youth. I had observed with pain, that her opposition to this doctrine gradually became fainter; for he did not confine it to such matters as people must inevitably alter in the course of their experience, but included all such opinions as he laughed at under the title of enthusiastical, such as the more refined notions of love, a superiority to the motives that influence clever men of the world,

and a belief in the virtue of anything but custom and law, to which, in the teeth of his being a Cromwellite, he inculcated a profound veneration. 'Human nature,' he said, 'was safest under the greatest number of restraints; and no change ever took place for the better, though wise men made the best of it when it came. In short, his wise man was himself; and what others would have regarded as a defect in his wisdom, he looked upon as the greatest proof of it; namely, that he thought he had nothing further to learn. He had confounded, when a youth, his mere ignorance of certain drawbacks upon virtue, with a belief in it resembling that of cleverer young men; so, having made this error, he fancied he repaired it, by believing in no virtue at all, but what it was convenient for him to inculcate as a lord and a husband.

"He could hardly be called jealous. He was too vain; and he admitted not enough persons to his society with whom to compare himself. But the inequality of years between him and his lady, was punished in a vague way, by the uneasiness almost always attending upon that dis-

parity. He had led a freer life than her father supposed; and, though a man of good presence, and discursable enough not to disgust her, yet the neglect of his education has left him deficient in those graces and accomplishments, which might have been reasonably looked for in one of his rank. She was therefore the less disposed to be reminded of it by books; and he artfully contrived to seem as if he rated them at their just value, speaking of them as a father would of a promising boy, and arguing that they were 'not to be despised.' He loved an university-man like Cope, who was well educated, and yet cared nothing for scholarship. Cromwell he admired for his great success, and unclerkly speeches; and though, as a pretended Presbyterian, he was bound to hate no man worse than Hobbes, yet that philosopher unquestionably was his favourite one; for he had been told, that he read scarcely any books, and believed in no virtues. As to myself, I believe that in the first instance he tolerated me, partly because he thought me a great child, as innocent as his wife; and partly because I happened to ob-

serve one day, that some men were younger at forty, than others were at nineteen. After this, I never drank with him but he contrived to bring up some observation to that effect; and if I had studied to obtain his good fellowship, I do not think I could have done it better than by declining to swallow as much Burgundy as he did; which I should always have done, for one reason; namely, that he always made a point of drinking till I gave up.

“ ‘I have been telling my Lord,’ said Lady Vavasour, ‘that poets do not alter their opinions, whatever may be the case with other men; for here is Mr Milton talking of his woods and his knights-errant, when he was a young man; and I am told he talks just in the same manner now to the friends he converses with. Is it true?’

“ ‘No, no,’ said Lord Vavasour coarsely, but not in ill humour; ‘his cook-shop and his Independent ranter—that is what he admires.’

“ ‘I said that I had not had the honour of seeing Mr Milton since I was a boy; but that I well remembered his handsome countenance and his graceful locks; and that one day, at my father’s

table, when somebody was talking against poetry, he entered into such a defence of it, that poetry seemed to be not only a fine thing in itself, but to comprehend music, and philosophy, and religion, and everything else that could inspire the hopes and capabilities of mankind.

“ ‘ Very fine, indeed,’ cried Lord Vavasour, ‘ and what did he say of cathedrals?’ ”

“ Here his Lordship burst into a triumphant shout of laughter, in which Lady Vavasour could not help joining.

“ ‘ Of cathedrals? There is a noble passage in the *Pensieroso*, about a cathedral, with

. . . . “ storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.” ’ ”

“ ‘ Just so,’ cried the Earl; ‘ but having become a man, he has altered his opinion, and is for saluting his dim religious light with a brick-bat.’ ”

“ This sally made me join in the laughter. ‘ It is true,’ said I, ‘ that the poet now professes a rule of faith inimical to the “ poms and vanities of prelate worship.” The painted window, as well

as the cope and mitre, he is therefore bound to have given up; and yet it was but the other day, that a fellow of Christ Church told me he played upon the organ as much as ever.'

" ' Ay, because he likes it,' said the Earl, ' and thinks he plays well. He would have stuck to the window, had he been a painter.'

" ' Then his infidelity to it,' I argued, ' does not imply a real change of opinion. Perhaps he likes his gules and argents as much as ever, though he does not allow himself to think so.'

" ' Nothing more likely,' said his Lordship; ' there are none so fond of gules and argents, as those who affect to despise them. Even Hewson got up a coat, no doubt of Dugdale's making; and the first time I was prevailed upon to go and see that starch fool, Pride, I thought his hall chairs had got the souls of all the rabble his ancestors in them, and had risen in a body, the *hand and club* made such a terrible shew on every one of them.'

" *Facit indignatio protam*, as well as *versus*. His Lordship was in earnest, and triumphant, and I had never known him so witty. We laughed

heartily, and joined in a run of sarcastical jokes, in which, however, I was startled to find Lady Vavasour had become such a proficient. The first subject was then resumed; and his Lordship observed, that ‘Young men could be so little secure of what they should say as they grew up, that here was a poet and a great scholar, who would not even maintain the opinions that he very likely adhered to; much less,’ said he, ‘would he now venture to praise King James, as Parker tells me he does in his Latin poems; indeed I have seen it myself in the book you hold in your hand; and I should like to know,’ concluded his Lordship, in a bitterer tone, ‘whether this sage poet held the same wild opinions touching marriage and divorce, before he was married, that he would fain have taught us all afterwards.’

“The secret of the noble Earl’s anti-Miltonic zeal, was very apparent. Milton had written a book on Divorce, for which the Presbyterian Assembly of Divines procured him to be summoned before the House of Lords; a proceeding which, though nothing came of it, did not render the poet less disposed to differ with his old friends.

Lord Vavasour, both as a Presbyterian and a married man, took a dislike to him from that moment, though he did not chuse to let his wife into the knowledge of it. He had by this time, however, taught her to be quicker-sighted than was good for him; and his incautious triumph, in leading him to allude to the book, brought up a mention of it, which threw a shade over her face, and damped the mirth of us all.

“I wished to drop the subject, but he insisted on pursuing it. From marriage the discourse turned upon love. This rendered me absolutely unable to proceed. Lord Vavasour certainly discerned in my manner something he had never before observed; for he looked first at Lady Vavasour, then at myself, and then at the books we held in our hands, with a very remarkable expression of countenance, and abruptly requested me to answer him one question. ‘Do you believe, Sir Philip,’ said he, ‘in the *perfect* disinterestedness of this love that you talk of? The *perfect*, mind me: no drawback, no misgiving, no doubt about it.’

“‘I do, certainly,’ replied I; ‘but your Lord-

ship will not agree with me in my notion of disinterestedness. You argue, that the more disinterested a lover thinks himself, the more he is pleased to be disinterested, and therefore still consults his own pleasure, in preference to his mistress's. He is selfish, you argue, let him act as he may. Now it appears to me, that if I can have the courage to—what shall I say?—to avert my imagination, for instance, from the idea of being always in my mistress's company, provided her parents forbid it, or it would be injurious to her; and then, if I am able, upon the strength of my sympathy, so to identify myself, as it were, with her own being and person, as to keep her happiness always before me, instead of my own,—the devil is in it, (I beg your Lordship's pardon,) if this is to be called selfishness in me, when I both think and act, in and for the self of another.'

“ ‘ But your lover would be unhappy,’ said his Lordship, ‘ if he did not do so. I mean that in keeping to his own person and his own self, he would be less happy, thinking as he does, especially since he fairly converts himself, as you tell us, into the very person he doats upon.’ ”

“‘No,’ returned I; ‘it is well argued, my Lord, but surely it is not true; for it is too easy to any one, who has been forced into deep thoughts, to reconcile his own will and pleasure with the course of events, and the superintendence of a greater will above him, unless he be either a very prudent man, or retain some clear principle, of the kind I have been speaking of. *Permitte divis cetera*, says the poet. I could resolve, for instance, to enjoy the society of my mistress, and to let everything else happen as it might, if the image of my own happiness were the predominant one in my mind; but by setting before myself that of her’s, I steel my heart against this more *pleasurable* pleasure, and am enabled to endure the melancholy of my own consciousness.’

“‘And you really think it possible to practise this new self-denying ordinance?’

“‘I do.’

“‘‘Tis a pity you are not a lover,’ said his Lordship, with a peculiar expression of countenance; ‘for the proof you know, is the great point. Confess, that you should fail, if you came to the trial.’

“I was glad Lady Vavasour was walking on the other side of us: for I felt myself blush like one guilty; but it was not with a sense of the truth of his Lordship’s doubt. If the first part of his speech made me blush, the latter must have made me turn as pale; for a resolution came into my head, which I seized instantly. ‘Now is the time,’ said I to myself,—‘*now*, this *very* now. Not a moment later will do. I see plainly that the comfort of his Lordship’s intercourse with me will not hereafter be what it was; that of Lady Vavasour must be compromised by it in some way or other, though she may never care for me, nor I make her any guilty declaration. *Now*, Herne,—prove yourself the lover you speak of. Flatter yourself with the thought, if it will strengthen you—prove, so far, the truth of her husband’s words; but at any price, for the sake of her happiness, *go*.’

“A doubt came over me, whether I should be doing her good by my absence. Her delightful singleness of nature is already, thought I, not without some stain of distrust upon it. Should I not visit her from time to time, that I may see if I cannot

hinder it from spreading? And yet how could my occasional visits do that? Would not the distrust of Lord Vavasour not only baffle my endeavours, but double his own to counteract their purpose? and would not all parties perhaps become doubly uneasy in their lives. No, no: I must hasten away, and to a distance, somewhere out of England. England is not safe. But above all, I must speak instantly, or I am lost.

“Yet hold:—their ages are unequal?—Be it so. You cannot remedy that.

“Yet there is a worse inequality in their tempers? in their understandings? It cannot be helped. No coxcombical interference of your better temper, or your greater understanding, can possibly do it any good.

“But yet again, the course of events—necessity. The mystery of the universe—am I really my own master? Did I make myself, or the world? do I govern it? Can I govern the least wind that blows? Is not the wisdom of Providence superior to anything I can do, even towards obeying it? And will not the result be just what that wisdom pleases, let me conduct myself as I

may?—Alas! this may be logic; may be sophistication; may be worldly wisdom; may be devil's wisdom; but it is not love. Love may be a helper, even of the divinity. Think so: think anything rather than fail; but speak, and that instantly. One argument more, and the sweetest of all faces may be made unhappy.

“Let me strengthen myself with one reflection before I speak. I will go abroad, and be absent for two or three years,—two at least; and if, by that time, I may be permitted, without evil to anybody, again to behold her now and then,—the longest intervals,—a year between each,—perhaps—oh, let me have this hope, if it be only to sustain me.

“On the strength of thus compromising with my self-denial, I spoke.

“‘’Tis a pity, my Lord,’ said I, (with more agitation than I thought I should have betrayed)—‘’tis a pity that I am not the proclaimed lover of some fair lady, forbidden to me by the fates; for I quit England in a day or two.’

“‘You quit England!’ said both the Lord and the Lady.

"How painfully sweet was her voice at that moment ! It was fortunate there had been no such tone in it, before I spoke ; for I fancied it sounded regretful.

" 'I am going to travel,' I resumed : 'people of my age travel if they can, to add to their stock of ideas. I must do what I am able, to make my company welcome.'

" 'That it will always be,' said Lady Vavasour.

" 'Blessings on your heart,' thought I, 'for saying that. There is no love in it surely, or you could not have said it so smilingly ; but it is invaluable. Love was not to be expected. Yet who knows what might have been, if I did not love her as I do ? I have now a companion, if only in that sentence. I am glad. I am full of life.'

"This little speech quite exalted me ; and I could have undertaken to go to China. Lord Vavasour asked me if I was in earnest.

"I said I had never been more in earnest in my life.

"He adopted immediately a cordial manner, which affected me ; drank more than usual that

day, not to out-do me, but to shew his regard; and altogether exhibited himself to such advantage, that I envied the effect it had upon Lady Vava-sour. However, his extreme friendliness unconsciously excited her to a greater manifestation of her own; and so many additions were made to my precious stock of sentences, that I did not know whether to be more grieved or delighted.

“‘There is one good thing in trouble,’ said her Ladyship; ‘it makes us know the value of one another; I mean of our friends. And yet one ought to blush to say it. Sir Philip has always been very pleasant, my Lord, has he not?’

“‘Very.’

“‘And you are sorry he is going, are you not?’

“‘Very sorry; very sorry, indeed.’

“‘So am I. But Sir Philip will write to us; won’t you, Sir Philip? And we shall hear from Rome, as we did when Mr Sidney went. Hearing from Rome is like having news from a city in a book.’

“‘Why did she say those sort of things,—as young as infancy, yet as old as thought? Her

husband smiled at her, as if she was really a child ; —it was left to the sorrow that made me wiser than he, to discern the sweet companionable wisdom.

“ I said, that if ‘his Lordship would not consider my letters a trouble, I would venture now and then to write.

“ ‘ You will oblige me very much,’ said his Lordship ; ‘ and pray do not omit to tell us, what you think of the foreign ladies.’

“ The permission to write was a dangerous privilege that I had not looked for. It was with difficulty, whenever Lady Vavasour left the room, that I could attend to his Lordship, and deny myself the consolation of falling into a reverie on the manner in which I should write, and the subjects that would occupy my letters. Otherwise, I could think of nothing but her absence, which that evening irritated me, as if it had been an offence. As long as she was present, I thought of nothing but the fact of her being so. I felt myself in a heaven which I was to quit ; and took out every instant of it that remained, in a profound consciousness. Indeed, this was the usual course

of my feelings, whenever I visited at Mickleham Park. When she came into the room, it was pure delight and abundance. When she left it, everything became empty and vapid.

“The privilege of writing implied, that the acquaintance was to be kept up, and that my re-appearance at Mickleham, on returning, was a matter of course. Yet I listened eagerly for something to be said on that point. I wished to look forward to it as a certainty: so lucky was it, that I was now committed to take my departure! I listened in vain till the very moment of leave-taking: when Lady Vavasour said, ‘The bay-trees will be quite large, by the time we see you again, Sir Philip. I think we must crown you with a branch for your heroism, since you regard your journey as a matter of duty, and would rather not take it.’

“These bay-trees grew by the window, and had been saved from decay in consequence of some advice I had given, from the gardener at Oxford.

“She looked archly, as if there had really been something in what I had observed about a lady and a forbidden match. I could not bear her to

think this; and said, not very heroically, that there was nothing I regretted more in leaving England, than the society I had enjoyed in the spot where those bay-trees grew; and as a proof of it, I would rather have my crown at once: I mean, said I, that you shall give me a sprig of it, which,—I was going to say, ‘I will shew when I come back,’ but I altered it to—‘and I will see how long it will last.’

“She laughed, as if I were jesting; but seeing me remain in an attitude of expectation, and Lord Vavasour hastily and not very wisely observing, ‘Do, my dear, there is no harm in it;’—she suddenly altered the expression of her countenance, and going to the window, leaned out into the sunshine, and plucked away a bough, which she brought me. There was a hesitation and a breath in her voice, as she said, ‘’Tis very kind of you to think of us so much,’—which made me suspect that for the first time during our acquaintance, something like a suspicion of the truth came upon her; and she afterwards confessed it to have been the case. Lord Vavasour had drank so much wine, that he was getting sleepy; nor do I think

he would have said what he did, but for the thoughtlessness and good-humour which the table had put into his head. I should not make this remark, had he not acted as he did afterwards. I quarrelled with myself at the time for not being more grateful for his permission than I was. There was something in the manner of it which distressed me for all parties. But perhaps I was not in a condition to judge properly. It was difficult to separate the idea of him from something wrong on my part; and I at once hated, and yearned, to be obliged by him. These, however, were not the reflections of the moment. There was a passing feeling of the sort, but it was smothered up in the delight with which I received the laurel. This I put between the leaves of my volume of Milton, delighting to remind the giver, of the two books we admired in common. I then ventured, as I bowed, to salute the hand that gave it me; shook heartily that of Lord Vavasour, with an entire revival of my good will; and mounting my horse with my servant, found myself, almost without knowing it, on the road to Leatherhead. As soon as the house was

out of sight, I transferred the slip of bay from my pocket to my bosom, where it remained, till I thought to make amends for the disclosure I had hazarded by it, and so put it out of sight.

“ I have it in my possession now, as withered as my hopes. .

CHAPTER IV.

"THE Protector gave me his permission to travel, not only with great good-will, but with a license, nay an injunction, to cultivate the acquaintance of as many Royalists and Roman Catholics, as I might chance to meet with and find agreeable; trusting, he said, to my personal regard for him that I should not forsake his cause, and confessing that he thought I might do him good among the more liberal of those parties, by stating what sort of a person he was, and how anxious to reconcile the good men of all classes to his government. Cromwell knew, that nothing could charm or fix me so much as a candour of this nature; and I believe he really reaped a benefit from it, as far as the good will of an individual

like myself could serve him. He gave me full license to speak of him as I thought, for I was a 'friend and not a flatterer; and you may say,' added he, 'that I gave you the license, if you will.' How far he smiled at my youthful candour while he thus ingratiated it, I cannot say. It was believed, probably on good grounds, that he talked in very many different ways to different people. But perhaps there were some things he said, and some confidences he entered upon, which were not compatible with ordinary views of selfishness, or even of grandeur; and I believe he thought so himself, even if he was his own deceiver.

"I set out on my journey to Italy, not satisfying myself till I arrived at 'the city in the book,' from which I had a right to send a letter to Lord Vavasour. The letter contained as much about Rome; and as little about myself as possible. I had scarcely finished it, when I was seized with a shivering which I attributed to staying out late the preceding evening, looking about me for objects to speak of; and then it was, that the illness, or rather the ill and melancholy state of health fell upon me, which I endured for a year

and a half, and which, by its constant and sharp train of thought, seemed to cut in upon me the reflections, with which experience crosses others in the course of a long life. I have reason to think it lucky for me, that I sustained this illness abroad; for the novelty of the sights about me, and the succession of them which I afterwards witnessed, could not but excite my attention, beyond what anything less unusual would have done. In a reasonable course of time I received an answer from Lord Vavasour; kind, though brief. I wrote again from Naples, requesting, I thought with sufficient modesty, that a reply, if not inconvenient, might await me at Florence, where I took Mr Milton's compliments to some Italian families, who had been kind to him many years before, when he visited that city. I had called upon this eminent person, at that time understood to be ostensibly removed from the Protector's service, on account of his odium with the royalists, to renew my acquaintance with him as 'the little fairy-fearing boy, who had sat on his knee,' and to ask him if he had any commands for Italy. It was a proceeding, which I doubted whether Crom-

well would have approved, considering the kind of royal mission he had charged me with; but, though his admirer and well-wisher, I was not his servant; and I could not resist looking at the man, who besides affording me a pleasure which enlarged upon me day by day, had given occasion to the coincidence of the two books. I had learnt from a Christ Church acquaintance, that he was blind. The lids of his eyes, however, were not closed; and as he turned his blind orbs upon you while speaking, they gave him a singular and almost supernatural expression, very well suited to his poetry. His locks had the same graceful flow on either side his head, though his aspect was the worse for years, and I thought not without something of a puritanical irritability. The rest, however, was tranquil and dignified. He was sitting in a darkish room, hung with green, not far from a desk on which an amanuensis was turning over a number of large books. He told me he was compiling a Latin Dictionary!—so much of the scholar remained in him, though he had written poetry in his youth that beauties carried about with them, and a book in his manhood, for

which a republic thought itself the stronger. Hearing the way in which I talked, he said he observed I was safe from the seductions, out of which both my family and his own had escaped (for his grandfather was a Catholic); and he then recommended me, when at Rome, to go and hear a *Miserere* composed by Allegri, a wonderful musician whom he had known there, 'kinsman of the renowned Correggio;' and which he said was a piece, that both for the learning of the counterpoint and the 'marvellous and prevailing misery of it,' was fit to be taken out of the hands of 'these profane mummets,' and sung by 'the youngest of the penitent among the fallen angels;—if,' added he, correcting himself, 'it be lawful to suppose, with Origen, that Satan and his ministers ever can be penitent.'

"I visited this celebrated person on my return, and mean to do so again if I live, for there is something in the conversation of such men, that exalts us above our ordinary humanity. We feel as we do on mountain-tops, the tranquiliser for the very atmosphere we breathe; though perhaps we have not an actual trouble the less, nor even

converse upon subjects unconnected with sorrow. I believe it is owing to the interest they put into every passing moment, and to the sense of superiority we derive from it. We really are lifted up; are a thought nearer the gods.

“To return to the order of my narrative.—The gorgeous and triumphant aspect of the church of Rome, in its own regal seat, did not conciliate me in its favour. It was surrounded by too many common-places; was accompanied by worldly manners, and reigned in the midst of a common populace. But whether the habitual train of my feelings had served to put me on a level with the poet's enthusiasm, or I was moved by the recollection of my own family circumstances, or whether the composition itself was really as divine as the poet fancied it, I was not the less affected, when I came to hear the *Miserere*. It is sung on the eve of Good Friday; and as the Passion of the Saviour is supposed to be in a state of accomplishment, the lights are put out one by one, till at the extinction of the last, the whole congregation, Pope and all, are prostrate on the ground; by which time the voices of the choir have become in the

highest degree soft and affecting. The extinction of the lights reminded me of myself and my poor mother; the very wordliness and pomp of the congregation, thus laying itself low, became merged in the common sense of the weakness and misery of mankind; and as the soul seems never to have a greater right to take pity on itself, than when it thinks of what everybody else is suffering, I could not deny myself the indulgence of this truly Catholic sympathy; and prostrating myself with the rest, I poured all the sorrow of my love, my weakness, and my martyrdom, into the hands before my face. Coming out of the church, the active look of the out-of-door world, and the energetic beauty of the sky, seemed to rebuke me; and I girt up my resolution, with something like shame, and with the feeling of a manlier penitence. I then ceased to wonder, that multitudes grew hard and worldly, who were accustomed to the alternation of these high strains of enthusiasm and the vulgar business of life. The union of the two things would be unbearable, if people felt more during the one, or were less gay and noisy about the other. In truth, it is a mistake to suppose the

Italians effeminate by nature. They are sensitive and enthusiastic by nature, but with robust bodies, and a power to grapple with what they feel, analogous to the loudness of their speech. Raphael, for want of being an Italian in body as well as mind, or perhaps from an excess of the perception of beauty, even for an Italian, died at seven and thirty, too weak to sustain any further the eternal round of his visions.

“No reply from Lord Vavasour awaited me at Naples. I wrote a third time, upon the supposition that I might receive an answer at Milan or at Paris. None came. Mr Ouseley, an acquaintance whom I met at Paris, assured me that both Lord and Lady Vavasour were well; and I learnt in the course of his conversation, that they had heard two or three times from me, during my stay in Italy.

“I could not but take this as a hint from Lord Vavasour to discontinue my correspondence; and under the circumstances, I did so, without feeling hurt, though I could not disguise from myself that my health became the worse for it. His Lordship’s disbelief in a lover’s power of martyr-

dom was unfounded; but if he thought me not quite so able as I fancied, to identify myself with the consciousness of another, apart from my own wishes, he was right. I believe he really did act, in part, upon that consideration; though writing was not very agreeable to him, at any time; and the further one goes, the less a correspondent seems inclined to follow us.

“ But events took place, in the course of a month or two from my encounter with Mr Ouseley, in consequence of which this unhappy and misjudging person ceased to have any right over my conscience. I have mentioned the neglect of his education, the comparative solitude and rusticity of his life, and the consequent want of diffidence, which injured his natural shrewdness and capacity. Cromwell was now dead, and his son Richard had succeeded as Protector. When the rumours came up of the possibility of the King's return, Lord Vavasour ridiculed them with so peremptory a scorn, and was induced by the arguments of men whom he despised to commit his opinion with so many prophecies and wagers, triumphantly pointing to Richard's calm succession, and the overflow

of congratulations which he received from all parts of the kingdom, that when the chances of such an event became manifest, he fairly drank himself into a fever, which carried him off. He could not bear, either to have made such a mistake in worldly shrewdness, or to stand the chance of being in disgrace with the royal family; towards whom, as a peer and a proud man, his affections had been ever directed in secret, though the love of present power had induced him to join with Cromwell. His rage, and the state into which his physician told him he had brought himself, proved to be too much for the comparative comfort of intercourse, which he had hitherto maintained with Lady Vavasour. He did not scruple even to taunt her with encouraging younger men to wish for his death; a charge which surprised, shocked, and at length angered her; for she had secretly a great strength of will on her own part; and though an abundance of worldly goods had hitherto kept both of them in a state of ordinary satisfaction with one another; yet the extreme vulgarity, and poverty, and folly; of such an accusation, showed her at once how little he could have understood or loved her. Lord

Vavasour died the week following Charles's entry into London, after writing a brief but furious letter to Monk, in which he consigned him over to 'drink and damnation;' and when I arrived in England, with the stream of gentry and royalists from all parts, among whom my regard for Cromwell had not hindered me from making some acquaintances that respected it, the first answer made to my enquiries at the gate of Mickleham Park, was, that its lady was a widow and ill, and that she saw nobody.

"I wrote a note, purporting that I had no intention of trespassing upon her privacy; but that having just returned from abroad, I took the liberty of thus expressing an interest in her welfare; adding, that when I should understand the doors of Mickleham House to be open to her other acquaintances, I should venture to beg her excuse in person, for thus reminding her that there was one of the name of Herne. Having given this to the gate-keeper, I rode away.

"I took a lodging in the neighbourhood, and was very happy. I could not persuade myself that it was possible Lady Vavasour's grief could

continue long. I was near her: I had even a hope. I passed my days in wandering about the confines of the park, trying to catch a glimpse of her; and at night, after imploring a blessing on her head, and joining myself with her in the prayer, which made me feel as if I knelt by her side in heaven, I had the most tranquil dreams. My illness had left me for some months. Nothing remained of it, but some dear-bought reflections which stood me instead of a great deal of experience, and a tendency to a beating at the heart, which seized me, to my extreme indignation, whenever peril was to be encountered. I had felt it at sea. I had felt it when there was a cry of robbers in Italy. It made me jealous for my personal courage; and I had resolved not only to face every danger that crossed me, with double determination, but to leave nothing undone in consequence, that could be expected from the most superfluous height of bravery. But I did not think of it then. I was wrapped up in the most delightful day-dream of humanity. I did not even blush to be of no party, notwithstanding what has been said by the Grecian legislator. The

extraordinary circumstances of my youth had turned my attention from what occupied almost every other man's, who was capable of reflection ; or rather they may be said to have made me over-reflective. I felt at liberty to console myself for the want of party zeal, in my ability to love the best men of all parties ; and I hoped, that certain improvements in society would never go back. Under these impressions I gave myself up to the indulgence of my individual hopes ; and as all England, but myself and the object of them, seemed to have gone up to the metropolis to witness the new events, I delighted to fancy that we two were left alone, and had the country to ourselves.

“ Riding one day, with this fancy upon me, by the side of the river Mole, towards Leatherhead, a gentleman suddenly issued from a turning, whose face I thought familiar to me. He was bound the same way as myself ; and as I was only walking my horse, he pulled his hat over his eyes, as if not wishing to be recognized. This made me push forward a little, that I might not be thought to trespass upon his incognito, when,

before I had proceeded many yards, he called out to me by name. I was a good deal surprised, for it was a person of all others whose absence from court, at such a season, I should have least looked for; but as his presence in that quarter, alone too, and with his star concealed, betrayed some particular object, I constrained myself from expressing it. It was the Duke, at that time Marquis, of Ormond.

“ ‘ Confess, Sir Philip,’ said he, not without some confusion, ‘ that you are surprised.’ ”

“ ‘ If your Lordship will have it so,’ I answered, ‘ I shall not deny it; but I hope you will allow me to add, that I am still more pleased.’ ”

“ ‘ If I did not think that both of us were pleased,’ returned the Marquis, ‘ I should hardly bear this dilemma so well; for I have not done with my demands. Confess that you think me here upon business for the King.’ ”

“ ‘ I do not think about it,’ said I: ‘ pardon me, my Lord, I might have concluded so, if I thought any further; but after my first wonder, I was alive to nothing but the pleasure of seeing you.’ ”

“ ‘ I had descended from my horse by this time,

and as I walked arm-in-arm with the Marquis, the latter pressed me gently, and proceeded to relate what ensues.

“ Before I repeat it, however, I will mention how I had the honour of becoming acquainted with this nobleman. I was standing looking at the Cathedral at Rouen, one evening in the August of the preceding year, when a gentleman, hastily passing behind me, was stopped by a person wrapped in a tattered riding-coat. The gentleman made an impatient movement to release his cloak, which the other had seized hold of, and the man, letting it go, exclaimed in a tone of sorrow, ‘ And when was it that the sorrowful and starving creature was passed by the noble Ormond !’ The Marquis (for it was he) turned about, and impatiently motioning the other to be silent, whispered him in the ear. The man kissed his hand with a sort of transport, and turned to go away.

“ I followed this person ; and turning round as I went, to catch another glimpse of so famous a man as the Marquis, observed with surprise that he himself was following me. On seeing me join the man to speak with him, he came up, and

as hastily addressed me, in a tone which I could neither call respectful nor otherwise.

“ ‘ Perhaps, sir, you overheard this gentleman speak to me just now ? ’

“ ‘ I did, my Lord.’

“ The ascertainment of this fact seemed to irritate him. He again whispered the other, who a second time moved as if to depart. His Lordship resumed.

“ ‘ You look like a gentleman ; but I have particular reasons for asking what business you have with this person.’

“ ‘ I am not used, my Lord,’ replied I, ‘ to have questions put to me in this manner ; and it pains me to tell a man like the Marquis of Ormond, that I do not hold myself bound to answer them.’ (My heart began to beat ; otherwise, to say the truth, I should have answered better, and gratified him.)

“ ‘ Are you a royalist ? ’ said the Marquis.

“ ‘ No, I am not.’

“ ‘ That answer ought to imply something candid,’ returned Ormond ;—‘ and yet—so many spies and impostors—’

“ ‘Spies and impostors!’ cried I, with indignation; ‘who dares to insinuate to—But some agitation of the moment excuses your Lordship. You know not the person you are speaking to.’

“ ‘Sir,’ resumed the Marquis, in an angrier tone, ‘I give you notice. I have reason to think, that no Englishman can be in Rouen at this particular juncture, with honest intentions, and not be known to me, or have introduced himself. You know who I am. A gentleman might have made amends for becoming the undesired witness of a secret, by hastening to declare to me, in his turn, who he was; but you are deceived if you think it worth your while to pursue any plan against—I mean that—in short, let me advise you to cease all inquiries, and to convince me, by the mode in which you conduct yourself the remainder of this evening, that you are as honest as you would have me believe.’

“ ‘I would have you believe nothing,’ said I, ‘except that I am a freeman, as well as the Marquis of Ormond, and that I am to be neither commanded nor dogged.’

“ ‘That language,’ said the Marquis, ‘is such

as I should confide in, did I not know how fatally the best and the worst things are mingled together in these miserable times—'

" 'My Lord,' said I, interrupting him, 'I begin to think that what I am doing neither does your Lordship nor myself honour, in delaying to be explicit with you. If you can discern truth from falsehood, you will know that I speak sincerely; and if you persist in your disbelief, I shall have a right to doubt, in my turn, the nobleness of your nature, and to tell you so. Probably the dusk, as well as a late illness, make me look older than I am, otherwise your Lordship might have discerned that I am too young to have designs in me unfitting a man of honour. I am Sir Philip Herne, a ward of the late Protector, to whose memory I reckon myself bound, though in all honour and freedom. My object in following this gentleman was to request that he would do me the favour to let me assist him; and the reason why I did not declare myself to the Marquis of Ormond was, that I was doubtful whether he thought I had overheard his name, and anxious, at all events, to shew respect to his privacy.'

“ ‘I believe you to an iota,’ said Ormond, handsomely stretching out his hand. ‘And now permit me, Sir Philip, to ask you whether the sight of me in this place puts you under a necessity, as a gentleman who had obligations to Cromwell, to say anything of my movements; I mean not, of course, in a way unbefitting a gentleman, but as a matter of gratitude, and such as you could avow?’

“ ‘By no means,’ I replied: ‘excuse me, my Lord, if I ask how Cromwell’s successor could wish me to harass the movements of gentlemen so much at a disadvantage with fortune? I have been out of England these two years; and I had no commission from his father, except to be as explicit as I am; and to let the honourable among his opponents see, that he could afford the candour.’

“ I thought Ormond smiled as he shook his head. ‘Oliver was cunning,’ said he; ‘but I do not the less believe his ward to be noble. Let the untowardness of the fortune you speak of, Sir Philip, excuse the abruptness with which I addressed you: your wish to assist this poor gentle-

man, a companion of mine in arms, proves that you are richer than I am at present. Perhaps I cannot make you a more grateful submission than by enlarging the debt I have incurred, and begging permission to thank you at a future time for any kindness you may be pleased to shew him.'

"I thanked the noble Ormond as I was bound; and we took leave of each other; he to rejoin his master Charles (who was in Rouen at that moment, on an enterprise which did not succeed), and I to accompany the poor Irish officer to his lodgings, where two or three of them lived in a companionship truly deplorable. These gentlemen had not tasted meat for nearly a month, sometimes scarcely any food at all; and one of them had become so ill, that Lieutenant ——, in a fit of desperation, had gone out to beg for him. He was vexed beyond description at having interrupted the Marquis; 'but,' said he, 'who would suppose it possible, that the noblest and most generous of men, whom I have seen in Dublin Castle living like a King, which he is at the heart of him, should ever live to whisper in a

beggar's ear, that he had not a clean shirt to his back.' And the gallant Irishman fairly wept.

"The Lieutenant told me, that he was to go to the cathedral door at ten o'clock, where something was to be left for him in a corner, in acknowledgment of which he was to leave a written paper, stating whether such and such a person had left the town. The poor man hastened to procure this intelligence, and then planted himself facing the cathedral, that he might not miss the person who came, I went with him. We stood apart, under the penthouse of a little shop, and at nine o'clock my companion exclaimed, 'By the powers, 'tis he himself! There he goes, stealing along like a thief, and he a Lord Lieutenant, and the prince of gentlemen born.' The gallant Irishman stopped a little, as if absorbed in wonder, and then said, 'And all this is to do a kindness to one who never spoke a word to him in his life, except to say, "No, my Lord," when he asked me whether the door of the White Tower was locked; which I was very sorry for, because Dick Browne did it, that is to say, didn't lock it; and it was the night before the surprise which we were all preparing

against; and so Dick and I fought about it, who is the best friend I have, and I gave him a lunge that never let him set his right leg to the ground properly since; him you just now saw in the fever. But I would do the same anyday for the noble Marquis; I mean, give him the paltry shillings that he is leaving there for us; and so look there now, he has got the bit of paper; and now won't you be in time, sir, to hasten after him, and give him those same dues of his that you speak of, which will save me from returning him the shillings, which is what no gentleman would like, lord or lieutenant, who is as much in want of them as the other gentleman, meaning either of us, provided we are in this damned dirty town of Rouen here, and don't know which is worst off.'

"I took leave of the worthy Lieutenant, and joining the Marquis in a dark turning, hastily put into his hands a little box, and so went away. I observed him afterwards hastening along, with his cloak about him, as if nothing had happened. He concluded, by the nature of the action, that it was that of a friend. The box contained a few jewels, with a request that he would pardon

the lender if he had too good an opinion of himself. I saw him afterwards go into the convent of the Feuillantines at Paris, and took no notice; but being requested with great earnestness by Father Waring to be the bearer of a letter which he had written to the Duke of York, at the Hague, after the turn in his Majesty's favour, and which had been dispatched to me at considerable risk by a Catholic messenger, I encountered the Marquis face to face in the street. He looked hard at me for an instant, then held out his hand, with eyes radiant with cordiality, and would fain have taken me directly to the King; though he said he was already besieged by a crowd of travellers, not one of whom perhaps would have done him a fiftieth part of the kindness that I did at Rouen; 'where,' added he, 'you made men of us all again, by enabling us to feast like emperors.' I excused myself from an honour, which I might receive with a better grace by and bye, if his Majesty thought me worth his notice; for though the Marquis was not bound to know the extent of my feelings towards Cromwell, which indeed were much more of a personal than a political nature, yet as I had never evinced any

interest in the royal cause, his Lordship would agree with me, that the moment of his triumph was not the one to make a first appearance in among its friends.

“ ‘ Well,’ cried the Marquis, gaily, ‘ you will put a great number of your old friends to the blush, I can tell you that, by these refinements; but I cannot deny they become you. I hope we shall see you among us by and bye.’ ”

“ I said that one Marquis of Ormond was sufficient to attract a person’s social ambition to any quarter, but if there were more such at court—’ ”

“ ‘ I beg your pardon,’ said the Marquis, ‘ for interrupting you in what would appear flattery from a less ingenuous person; but I assure you, Sir Philip, as I am one of the oldest, so I am one of the least lively men in this young court of ours, where there is twenty times the wit and conversation that I could afford you: only you must not expect us all to be very staid, after the vagabond life which your acquaintances have forced us to lead these ten years. We must have time to recover from the jollity of our despair, as well as from that of our triumph. Besides, I hope you will

not measure the ability of a court by the manners of the courtiers, which you know have never been famous in the annals of philosophy.'

"After some more discourse we parted, and I did not see his Lordship again till I met him emerging out of a quiet lane in a village in England.

" 'I am going to be very impertinent,' said the Marquis, 'but I have a reason for it, which I hope you will find good. Permit me to ask, whether you are in this neighbourhood for any length of time? To be absent from London at such a period, is less mysterious on your part than on mine; but, as you told me when I saw you at the Hague, that you had no house in England, perhaps you are looking out for one?'

" 'No,' my Lord,' said I, 'I am not; but nevertheless I am residing, as your Lordship supposes, in the neighbourhood, and mean to do so for some days at least, perhaps for some weeks.'

" 'Now then,' cried the Marquis, 'for one effort more. Forgive me, but I must complete the list of my impertinences, by asking you a question which is grounded on anything but an impertinent feeling. Perhaps my age may entitle

me to ask it of a young friend; certainly, I hope my motives will. Let me add, before I speak, that those motives have nothing to do with yourself, or with your movements; nor is it on your own account that I venture the freedom.'

" 'Pray, my Lord,' said I, 'speak: I am in pain till I shew you how impossible I feel it for Lord Ormond to ask me anything, which it will not be a pleasure to me to answer.'

" 'Then, my dear Sir Philip, let me ask you whether your heart is disengaged enough to contemplate an amiable girl with impunity? I mean, without any wish to render yourself more agreeable to her, than an intercourse, however slight, would infallibly make you? I ask for no names, nor for the least particle of special information; but simply whether a heart like yours has lived to the age of two or three and twenty, without being in love? In short, (to give a reason for what must still look obtrusive in me), I ask whether I could recommend to your occasional notice, or rather neighbourly protection, for however short a time, a young lady, whom I may pronounce to be deserving your attention so far; though she is not otherwise in a condition to

hazard an attachment on her part? In a word, Sir Philip, I am personally interested in the welfare of this young lady, who is the daughter of a dear friend of mine, now no more; so now having committed my own secret with you, I trust, I may without indelicacy await an answer to the question I have ventured to put.

“ I should have interrupted the Marquis more than once to express my willingness to oblige him; but to say the truth, his question had so surprised me in the first instance, and he seemed so anxious to render his freedom palatable, that I let him, for both our sakes, conclude what he had to say. I now answered him, as he wished, without mentioning names; and he said, with considerable emotion, ‘ My dear young friend, a love like yours will probably be as happy as it ought to be; but if it turn out otherwise, you will at least not have to reproach yourself with dishonouring it by double-dealing. Others perhaps would condemn your absorption in it more than I do; but I take it for granted that the object is worthy, and that it will hinder you from the performance of no manly duty. For the rest,

it may save you from many pernicious vanities, especially in the sphere of life in which you are destined to move : for young people are sufficiently disposed to admire and to indulge each other ; and older ones too, in that quarter ; and as more license is indulged than allowed, the kindest natures, from thoughtlessness, sometimes find themselves guilty of the faults of the worst ; and honourable men become hampered with ties, which they can neither wish undone when they look upon some faces, nor help regretting, when they think of the unhappiness they have caused others.'

" I was surprised some time after the disclosure of this secret, to hear the Marquis of Ormond spoken of as a man, who with a very open countenance, was very close in his thoughts, and supposed to honour nobody with his confidence ; but besides that this was not true (for he was very unreserved with his children, and with one or two other friends), it is the part of the greatest politicians to know when to throw themselves open.

" You will see, by-and bye, my dear Escher, how it was, that his Lordship permitted me to make

mention of this secret. The place, the time, my disclosure of it in this paper, must have already made you guess who was concerned in it. You are right. It was Miss Randolph. I was introduced to her and her supposed father that same evening, as a friend of the Marquis; and it was lucky that I was so, for the disclosure proved of use.

“ ‘ I will now tell you,’ said the Marquis, as he proceeded to Mr Randolph’s to introduce me, ‘ for what reason I have made you a partaker of my anxieties. I thought to have spoken to my old acquaintance Mr Evelyn, who lives at Wootton, and is a very worthy man: but there is something in your turn of discourse, which looks more experienced than his, notwithstanding his years; and to say the truth, whether it is owing to the loyal reverence with which he treats us all, or to the very perfection of his virtue, (and yet it cannot be that either, for I should not mind confessing myself to a saint), I would rather be guilty of a weakness in your eyes than in his. In short, I was exceedingly puzzled what to do, and was thinking, when you overtook me, of applying to

an acquaintance of my good friend Mr. Randolph, a gallant young man, who would have been glad to make such a step towards the court. However, all is best as it is. To come then to the point, my dear Sir Philip, you must be prepared, if occasion should demand it, to play the knight-errant a little for me, and protect the fair and young. Something occurred last night which makes me uneasy, and has been the occasion of my stopping another day or two from London. You think we have all the solitude here to ourselves; but you are mistaken; there is a bit of the town among us, and one of the gayest and most vicious of all: two scoundrels, whom a father or brother would more dread to see prowling about his premises, than a couple of tigers.'

" ' I should not wonder,' said I, ' if they were the same I observed this morning about the lanes by Mickleham Park: one of them a stoutish man, with a high forehead and insolent face; the other a taller, thinner, and better looking man, much of a gentleman, and with rather a graceful, perhaps a girlish countenance, small-faced and small-chinned, but with a fine eye.'

“ ‘The very men,’ said Ormond: ‘he of the high forehead and insolent face, is said to be a Mr Dalton, a disgrace to a worthy family in these parts; and he of the small chin and fine eye, is no less a personage than his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, who under the pretence of visiting Dalton, is trying how he shall introduce himself to a lady who will not see him. Perhaps you have heard of her,—Lady Vavasour, a great beauty, whose husband died the other day, in a fit of courtly despair at being a republican? Indeed it must have been her house by which you saw him prowling.’ (I thought it kind and delicate of the Marquis to speak of Lady Vavasour in this unconscious way, for I suspected he had guessed my secret, which turned out to be the truth.) ‘They were talking the other night,’ continued his Lordship, ‘at his Majesty’s table, of the extraordinary beauty of that lady, and the folly of her lord; and Buckingham swore that he would be the first man to make the young widow smile again. Lady Vavasour appears to be a woman of sense: but these fellows are very unscrupulous. Dalton is mad with the

honour of the visit, and Buckingham is mad always; so I hope her friends will have a care. It is hardly wise in so young and beautiful a woman to live so much alone as I hear she does; for servants, however faithful, are apt to give way at the sight of rank; and if Buckingham, in his impudent style, with a purse in one hand, and a great deal of address in all that he does, persists in trying to force his way through the gates, I hardly know what is to hinder him.'

" 'How!' cried I, unable to repress my emotion: 'does your Lordship think it possible that he can insult Lady Vavasour? Perhaps the villain is tampering with the gate-keeper this very moment.'

" 'No, no,' said the Marquis; 'the hour is a little too late. There is a fashion in things, which your high-bred rascals observe, though they observe nothing else. Besides, Buckingham will go smoothly to work, where a Countess is concerned. He might pick a quarrel with the Earl, if the poor man were alive, and he had courage enough to do it, which I doubt; but then he would pretend it was on the lady's account:

As to himself, he has vanity and accomplishments; and when once introduced, would pique himself on making his way. I have no doubt he would even contrive to be his own introducer, and do it very well, if the lady were less peremptory in her exclusions; nor would I answer for it, that he does not still contrive some mode of getting in. What say you? Shall we be knights-errant of the proper sort, Sir Philip, and baffle him? or shall I, as the older and steadier man, muster up a little impudence myself, and contrive to warn her?’

“ ‘My dear lord,’ cried I, in a fit of gratitude, — ‘I was thinking of something to that very effect: but you are so kind, and have honoured me so much by your present commission, that I will not scruple, for the sake of this lady, to trouble you with a secret of my own, however little it may redound ultimately to the credit of my endeavours.’

“ I here disclosed to his Lordship the direction of my attachment to Lady Vavasour, and the total ignorance of it on her part; apologizing at the conclusion of my narrative, for not having waited till his Lordship had finished his own

story, which I guessed to contain nothing further than a wish that I should keep an eye on the Duke and his companion, for the same reason which induced me to hope his Lordship's interference in behalf of another lady.

“ ‘You are right,’ said Ormond. ‘What I have said to you about love and its devotedness, I say still; and for my part, I have the best hopes for you, let her Ladyship be as clever and beautiful as she may.’ (Here the Marquis was pleased to make use of some very encouraging expressions.) ‘And now, as I guessed your secret, let me tell you in plain terms, that you have no doubt guessed mine, and that the young lady for whom I solicit your brotherly interest, has the warmest of all claims upon me, except what the law can give her. I profess however only to be a distant relation. Mr Randolph is the son of an old and faithful servant of my father’s, and inherits the good qualities of his family. I believe he has told for me the only lie he ever told in his life:—I wish, as a statesman and a man of gallantry, (for such I have unfortunately been in my time, though not to the extent of

these deliberate and unfeeling scoundrels), I heartily wish, my dear Sir Philip, that I could say as much for myself. Ah! my friend, these are the things—I mean falsehoods of any sort—that take from us the solidest comforts in life, and would lead us to think everything as hollow as themselves, if we did not retain virtue enough to believe in virtue. And yet—however, I will not run into dangerous exceptions. Falsehoods, even on patriotic motives, do a mischief to us, by diminishing our belief in the utility of the best principles; how much more when they are told for private and individual purposes! Good God! Talk of restorations and golden days! I have many reasons for rejoicing that affairs have gone as they do; but if you had as much knowledge as I have of courts and politics, you would sometimes wish that you could wipe out the whole past history of mankind, like a false sum upon a slate, and begin over again with a true and simple arithmetic. But, as you say, these times may come. I dare not observe at present how sacredly that expression may be translated. To action, my friend, to action; and let us merge

our sighs for what cannot be helped, into endeavours to make the best of it. You and I, Sir Philip, have become acquainted under some of those extraordinary circumstances, which stand people instead of a long friendship. We are now intimate, and prepared to judge and abide by one another like men. I talk as if I were no older than you, for my heart, politician as I am, has not grown old yet; and when you visit London again, you shall know a younger and a better Ormond, who is all that his father ought to have been.—Mr Randolph's gate is before us.—Now shall I be ashamed when I look upon the face of this little girl, not at anything I have spoken of, but at having been ashamed of it, and at her not knowing who I am! So perilous it is, to let the most inconsiderate of our faults give rise to the exercise of some of our best feelings. She sees us at the window, and will let us in! 'Tis a good and most kind-hearted girl, full of confidence; but this is the very danger. Buckingham spoke to her last night, and I have no doubt will be here again before he sleeps; so that what you have to do for me, may become necessary before

we part. I wish him to see, that she has another and a younger protector than Mr Randolph, and one who has the bearing of a higher quality.'

"While the Marquis was concluding, I felt my blood boil at the profligate impudence of this fellow Buckingham, thus daring to invade the privacy of one female, and at the same time meditating attacks on another. I was introduced to Mr Randolph and the young lady (whose gentle and affectionate manners I need not describe.) Ormond whispered the old gentleman, on coming away; and when the door was closed upon us, he requested me to give a glance down a lane, which ran to the water's side. The principal garden gate of Mr Randolph's house, which nearly faced Leatherhead church, opened upon the road; but there was another which looked upon the lane just mentioned; and the Marquis said, that Buckingham (for he had no doubt it was he) had given Miss Randolph to understand, that he should be there about that time, to inform her of something very necessary to her welfare; something, said Buckingham, which 'the good old

gentleman' was neither acquainted with himself, nor for a very particular reason could be so. 'Now,' said Ormond, 'you see the accursed trouble which is produced upon us by our faults, sometimes in the most humiliating shapes. I do not believe that this scoundrel knows anything of what I have told you,—his words most probably imply nothing but a profligate jest; and yet, as I cannot be perfectly certain of it, it is even in his power to make me apprehensive. But this is nothing to my fears for the poor girl. You see the gentleness of her nature. Her candour is equal to it; nor have I any fear that she would contribute to her misfortunes by a fault of her own. It is her very goodness, for which I tremble. These mild, warm-hearted, inexperienced girls, bred up in solitude, are the very creatures to become the prey of such fellows as Buckingham. I wish I could have contrived her breeding otherwise, but—Do you see anybody?'

"By this time we were both of us down the lane, and in advancing beyond a turning of it, I had seen, surely enough, Buckingham himself,

talking with the servant girl. I drew back, and told the Marquis, who guessed I had seen something, by my face.

“ ‘ Confound the fools ! ’ said Ormond ; ‘ I know them. For a stiver and a chuck under the chin they would sell an angel.’

“ I looked again. Dalton was walking away with the girl to the water’s side ; and two men, apparently watermen, were advancing.

“ ‘ Nay then,’ said the Marquis, ‘ there is no time to be lost. This is more sudden than I looked for. The villain is for carrying her off. Go on, dear Sir Philip ; and if the sight of a stranger does not scare the rascal at once, I shall care not to be recognised.’

“ I went down the lane ; passed the men at the gate, who looked doubtfully at one another ; and entering it, saw Buckingham, addressing Miss Randolph at a window. The dear girl, as kind-hearted as she was innocent, was begging him, for his own sake, to go away and trouble her no more, when I startled him by a tap on the shoulder.

“ ‘May I request the favour, sir,’ said I, ‘of knowing what you do on these premises?’

“ ‘Good sir,’ said Buckingham, ‘may I request the like?’

“ ‘I am a friend of the young lady’s.’

“ ‘So am I.’

“ ‘But I have her father’s warrant for protecting her.’

“ ‘So have I.’

“ ‘You are acquainted then with Mr Randolph?’

“ ‘I have not the honour of knowing the old gentleman; but I mean to have. I was requesting to be introduced.’

“ ‘How then can you say, you have his warrant for protecting his daughter?’

“ ‘Every gentleman has it, Sir Catechist; every gentleman is bound to protect a lady; so be good enough to perform your errand in doors, and meanwhile I will conclude what I have to say.’

“ By this time I had ascertained from Buckingham’s manner as well as his words, that he was not aware of the Marquis’s interest in the young lady.

I was therefore willing to keep Ormond out of sight, though it was with the greatest difficulty I could restrain myself from making some allusion to the attempts at Mickleham Park. But I had the lady still to take care of, and my own credit. The Duke and I might see each other in society, and the Marquis would not expect me to meet him with a face of dishonour.

“‘I do not move,’ said I, ‘from this spot, till you do: and I would have you take it as a favour, that I let you go quietly.’

“‘Do you know who I am?’ said Buckingham, in a tone of indignation.

“‘Yes,’ said I; ‘you are an eves-dropper.’

“‘Upon my soul,’ returned he, ‘’tis a very pretty, and a very modest appellation: and who pray may you be?’

“‘I am a gentleman.’

“‘Modest again,’ cried the Duke, ‘by all that’s mighty! By G—d I have a very great mind to——’

“‘Excuse me,’ said I, ‘you have a very little mind. But the young lady is alarmed; let us quit the place, and talk outside the gate.’

“I made a farewell gesture to Miss Randolph, to signify that all would go well; and she closed the window.

“‘*Au revoir*, charming Miss Randolph,’ said the Duke: ‘fear nothing. Your friend and I are admirably well agreed,—d—n his linen-draper’s impertinence: for, of course, my friend,’ continued he, as he moved towards the gate, ‘you are a linen-draper, and jealous!’

“‘I am sorry,’ said I, ‘as I closed the gate behind us, that I cannot oblige the Duke of Buckingham by stating, that I am of a rank unfit to trouble his spleen; but though of a quality far inferior to his, I am a gentleman, and ready to prove myself one. I am Sir Philip Herne.

“‘You are an impertinent fool, whoever you are,’ said the Duke, drawing his sword with me, and exchanging a pass or two. The lane was very private, and we might have hurt ourselves enough; but I have reason to think, that his servants, the pretended watermen, understood they were to interfere. They did so with some roughness, seizing hold of my arms, and endeavouring to trip me up. I was very angry, and forgetting

myself so far as to lift my voice against them, the Marquis made his appearance in an instant; crying out, 'Villains!' and coming upon them with his sword. He said he thought they were going to assassinate me; for certain adventures abroad had given him the worst opinion of Buckingham.

"The men desisted immediately, gazing with astonishment at this sudden apparition of the Lord Steward of the Household.

"Ormond made haste to have the first word: — 'Am I never to meet the Duke of Buckingham,' said he, 'but I find him in a skulking brawl?'

" 'Truly the gentleman is obliged to your Lordship,' said Buckingham. 'Am I never to meet the Marquis of Ormond, but he is to overpower me with his very wonderful virtues and his more astonishing apparition? But your Lordship is willing to relieve me on the present occasion: my sense of inferiority may be excused for not feeling so much as usual, when I find his Excellence of Ormond indulging similar tastes with

myself, lurking in villages, and growing jealous of rustic loves.'

" 'A truce to your folly,' said Ormond, 'and begone with your bully-rooks. You know, Buckingham, I care not for you; but I care for his Majesty's welfare; I care for the royal cause, and the disgrace and peril it may suffer, if these unworthy practices are noised abroad. Sir Philip Herne will endeavour to forget them, as well as myself, if nothing further is attempted against this innocent girl,—the daughter of my father's steward; but I warn you, how you disturb her again.'

" 'Oh, my Lord,' said the Duke, bowing, as he wound his handkerchief round a scratch, or pretended scratch, in his arm;—'I shall have due veneration for the daughter of your father's steward, depend on it, especially now that I know how interesting she is to your father's son. But your Lordship should have been candid with me, and given me warning sooner. It is not in me to spoil sport, nor even to pretend that I don't love it. That is an in-

dust, an inwardness, and perfection of gusto, which I confess is above my careless habits; and which I leave, not without admiration, to the stately and the pious.'

"He withdrew as he spoke, with his watermen; we on our sides turning the other way, and feeling all the contempt which he affected. A deep blush, however, covered the face of Ormond; and for some time he was too angry to speak.

CHAPTER V.

"THERE had been no witness of our dispute. The time was late, for village hours; and the passage to the water's side in that part of Leatherhead was so removed from the main street, that we might have been louder without exciting attention. After pacing awhile in the moonlight, we returned to Mr Randolph's, where I left the Marquis for the night. It was with difficulty he restrained himself from embracing his daughter, and calling her by that name; and in fact, after some discourse with her supposed father, when I had gone away, he avowed himself. I knew it the moment I saw them. There was an exaltation in the looks of the gentle girl, that announced both delight and pride; and on her father's look-

ing at me with a smile, and calling her to him, she flew and kissed his hands, with tears of affection. [You see, Esher, how well she kept his secret.] Mr Randolph was a plain, good man, old enough to be her grandfather; and as such I have no doubt she continued to love him.

“I now told the Marquis, that after what I had seen of the Duke of Buckingham, I thought myself privileged, as an acquaintance, to break through the forms at Mickleham Park, and warn the Countess against him, in person: but I said I should feel every doubt removed as to the propriety of so doing, if his Lordship would condescend to be introduced by me, both as a witness to the outrage on one lady, and a man of honour interested in the tranquillity of another.

“His Lordship, after a little reflection, said he would accompany me with pleasure. To confess the truth, he said, the Countess had almost slipped his memory till that moment; but as soon as he called her to mind, he saw the propriety of my waiting on her myself; and as to his going with me, besides his being very well able to take such a liberty on account of his age, and perhaps his

the presence of the Marquis. Lady Vavasour then held out her hand to me, and said, 'Welcome to England, Sir Philip; truly welcome indeed at this moment, for if you had been studying my wishes, you could not have done anything more accordant with them, perhaps more necessary to my comfort, than thus procuring me the countenance of so great a visitor.' Another curtesy completed the admiration of the Marquis.

"I could only bow down upon her hand without speaking. 'Any lady, madam, under your circumstances,' observed the Marquis, 'would warrant, I trust, a little interruption on the part of an old acquaintance, and a paternal personage like myself; but I must tell you, that court rumour is for once as correct as the report of your friends, and that the only doubt I have any longer, is, whether the Duke of Buckingham is quite so inexcusable as I thought him. Pardon me,' continued he, observing her about to speak, and fearful she might take him for a common-place flatterer; 'your Ladyship may set me down for a courtier too, if you please; but you must know that I have the reputation of being an honest one; and fur-

thermore, I am mistaken in your Ladyship, if you are not one of those who know when to put the most cheerful face upon the most trying circumstances.'

"Lady Vavasour was sensibly touched at the delicate encouragement implied in this speech, which saved all parties a great deal of trouble. She answered in the best manner possible. Miss Vavasour, respecting whom his Lordship had shewn a curiosity highly creditable to his feelings, was visiting some distant relation; but the ladies had long felt the want of a protector; and the result was, that Ormond had permission, with many acknowledgments, to introduce to Lady Vavasour some of the most reputable families of rank, that formed a link between the royal and republican parties; such as the Earl of Sandwich's, Lord Manchester's, (the Lord Chamberlain,) &c. Lady Fauconberg was almost the only acquaintance, besides one or two of the de Tormys, whom she retained at present; and she, though Cromwell's daughter, was as little averse as herself from knowing the best of all parties. As for me, it was understood that I should be on the

footing of an old friend ; so much so, that I hardly knew whether I had reason to congratulate myself on so easy an attainment of my privileges. In the course of a few days I had the pleasure of seeing Lady Fauconberg herself, looking as noble, and as like Cromwell as ever, though with the handsomeness of a woman. Talking with her one day of the late extraordinary events, private and public, she said, ‘ My Lord and I did all we could to persuade the poor man (Lord Vavasour) that things must go as they have done ; but he was one of that numerous and ridiculous body, who take themselves for wits and men of the world, and are as great clowns as the fellows that open the gates for them. Lady Vavasour must not be suffered to think anything more about him. As for my dear father, (for he is not a man to be called poor, dead or alive,) it was his opinion, depend upon it, that affairs could happen no otherwise, when he was gone. Henry (her second brother), perhaps, might have done something ; but to what purpose ? When a great man is gone, great measures alone can succeed him. It will be sufficient, if neither weak measures nor

weak men can rule as they have done; and that I think is pretty clear, by what we see already. Kings must behave themselves, or they are no safer now than other men. My father gave the world a push forward, which all the delicate fingers in Christendom will not be able to fiddle back.'

"To return a moment to the day of our first visit. Lord Ormond spoke in raptures of the Countess, as we came away down the avenue. 'I have never seen a lovelier creature,' said he; 'and her manners are as perfect, as if she had been bred in the first court in Christendom; nay, more so, for there is always something in the highest court manner which is superior to the matter; whereas here, truth and grace are on a level. She does not love you, at present, Sir Philip, or she would not talk to you with such perfect ease, notwithstanding her graces; but I'll be sworn, she will before long; she is too good-hearted;—to say nothing of what might put you to the blush. Besides, I am much mistaken if she is not well aware of your love for her; and though everybody loves admiration, I do not think a

woman of her good taste would allow herself to encourage an acquaintance of that sort, with such perfect good will, if she were not inclined to let love grow upon her.'

" 'My Lord,' I replied, 'you make me so happy, that I do not even feel indignation at the sight of our two friends there, whom I observe riding on the other side of the wall.'

" It was Buckingham and Dalton. They came up on their road, just as we issued from the gate. I forgot to mention, that the Countess had been told, several times, of the Duke's endeavours to make his way to her. They had lately begun to cause her uneasiness, and she was casting how to put a stop to them, when our visit relieved her. Dalton, as if with an irrepressible impulse of respect, but colouring violently, took off his hat, which the Marquis acknowledging, the Duke at the same moment seized the opportunity of lifting his own. In an instant we were all bareheaded, perhaps without anybody's wishing it, but Mr Dalton. Nobody said a word, and we passed on.

" 'The Duke has not forgotten,' said I,

‘ though he seems to think that the common forms of courtesy may be renewed.’

“ ‘ He never will forget,’ said Ormond, ‘ unless I do him twenty good offices with the King, none of which he deserves, and which I certainly shall not do him.’

CHAPTER VI.

" LOVE makes one a little shabby. Among the reasons which I had for being pleased at Ormond's acquaintance with Lady Vavasour, I could not conceal from myself the consciousness of a hope that he would speak well of me to her. And he did so. Her Ladyship, in her frank manner, told me of it; adding, that she heard nothing which surprised her, 'only she now understood what it was to like a problem in Euclid.'

" ' A problem in Euclid?'

" ' Yes: I now see the delight of proving a thing which we have taken for granted.'

" Lady Vavasour, though she no longer excluded herself, and also talked of taking a house in London, lingered still in her favourite bowers.

And she saw few people. All the world was still in the metropolis. Perhaps one reason why she chose to remain in a house which might have been thought melancholy, was, that London would have reminded her of the cause of her husband's death ; whereas she could walk on any part of her grounds but the dog-kennel, and not be reminded of his company. You will know too soon, why it is that I still allow myself to speak of him in this manner. At present let me forget him, and think of the brightest spot in my existence.

“ I took a house at Ashtead, and visited Lady Vavasour in common with two or three families. She would have had plenty of suitors, indeed she had several passionate ones in a short time. One or two I believe loved her for her merits, as well as for her beauty and fortune. But she had the art above any woman I know, of throwing a damp upon expectation, equally positive and unhumiliating. The more clownish lovers, or those who thought to succeed by an air of confident gallantry, she got rid of with equal felicity, her wit leaving them nothing to say : and if I sometimes doubted whether the mild and feminine sweetness which

her manner never lost sight of, did not hazard some diminution under these vindications of her independence, I was allowed by degrees to associate the vivacity of her decisions with something so flattering to myself, that I could fain have seen her a little more abrupt. I should only have considered it as an exception, that more exquisitely proved the rule. In a word, after a year and a half's acquaintance, I saw, that without hazarding a denial which would have distressed her, I might say I loved. 'And will you not say so too, Margaret?' I asked. 'Will you not utter the three most delightful of all words? Will you not say, 'I love you?'

"Sweet soul! it was her natural ingenuousness that made her hesitate. She had permitted me; however, to say it; she held herself bound to be mine: she knew of no love greater than what she felt, nay, not so great; and though not looking in my eyes, as I did in hers, the beauteous words were uttered. They too much intoxicated me to allow of any thought at the time, but of their celestial flattery.

"Next to Mickleham Park, the sweetest ground.

on earth is the way which I used to ride on horse-back every day between Mickleham and Ashtead, over the Downs. Ashtead also was a lovely spot, a gentle intermixture of wood and cottage, varied with those hedge-row fields with paths over them, which are the charm of English landscape. It would have seemed wrong to reside in any place, that was not beautiful, while occupied with her image. There is an old church there in the park, of a kind which I particularly admire, small, gothic, embosomed in wood. The deer came up to it, as if they knew of its sabbath doctrines; and the graves thus lying in a park as well as churchyard, look at once solitary and neighbourly. It seems as if elegance opened its bosom to humility. The morning after I had drunk in with my ears those delicious words I speak of, I was standing between the church and the park-gate, looking at a little dell, when the clock of Ashtead House struck eleven. The same hour had struck at Mickleham, the preceding day, just after the words had been uttered. I was observing in a tone of enquiry, 'How many times could I not hear you say the same thing over again?' when Margaret

lifted her finger instead of her eyes, and said with an enchanting allusion, 'The church shall answer for me.' I never afterwards heard a clock strike eleven but I thought of her reply; and I never hear it now, but the last sound of the bell lingers and trembles in my ear, like a departing hope. I have a morbid inclination to listen to the next hour; and when the twelfth note arrives, my heart says to me, 'Ay, that is the present time: eleven is dead and gone.'

"I wished to have been at Mickleham instead of Ashtead that morning, and heard eleven strike again from the same clock; but Miss Randolph, who had been taken under the Countess's protection, and was a frequent visitor, was expected over night to remain a week or two, and Lady Vavasour said that she wished to avoid immediate observation. This was another instinctive movement of her sincerity. Exquisite as her address was in general, she found herself wanting in it under the new avowal; and moments, which made me feel more triumphant and full of power than I ever had done, were, to her, perplexities to be put off. I did not see them in this light at the

time. I felt, it is true, that the love was not so great on her side as my own; but I had been so in the habit of taking her word, that it never entered my head to imagine she could beguile, even herself. I could only feel grateful for the happiness accorded me; and hope, that the warmth of my love would excite hers, in time, to an equal flame.

“ I was happy when alone; happy when thinking; happy when not thinking; but to be with her was heaven itself. The presence of a beloved object is surely, of itself, a paradise. Those who are not at times satisfied with it, know not what it is thoroughly to love. Love, which can excite our imagination beyond all the provocatives of libertinism, can also put it into a state of calmness, equal to the spiritual sufficiency of angels. We are so grateful for the pleasure afforded us, that although there is a pleasure still beyond, this also is heaven; and not to be blest in this, would shew that we did not deserve the other. I have sometimes looked at her cheek and—libertines might laugh,—but the very turn of it,

though an object of the senses, has appeared to me a thing spiritual, and of the heart.

“As I rode over Mickleham Downs, of a morning, I smiled to see the hares start out of the bushes. Reflection was necessary to make me remember, that everything was not as happy or confident as myself. It was the only uneasy reflection I had. I had no room for it, when I beheld the little church among the trees, as plump as an abbot; still less, when on looking down towards a particular spot, I said, ‘There lurks the little bridge over the Mole, where she owned she loved me, as we stood looking at the gliding water.’ The house was not visible from that upland. A woody hill was between. You looked at it from one of the opposite slopes. In an instant I wound among the green lanes, gave my horse his rein over his neck, and was in the parlour with the painted window. This window had been preserved at Mickleham House during the troubles; and as it was not thought fit to put it up again in the church, the minister connived at its gracing a room in her Ladyship’s house. She

put it in the apartment which had been most frequented by Lord Vavasour,—I believe to make a difference. His Lordship's name was never mentioned. The bay trees had grown and were flourishing, but no allusion was made to the bough I had taken with me. I thought however that Margaret never spoke sweetlier to me, than when, by any chance, the bay trees were mentioned. Sometimes we rode out together, oftener walked, and she allowed me to read to her. She was as fond of Shakspeare as myself. Perhaps she knows more of him than I do, for I have latterly been unable to read him. Sweet as he is, and turning everything to grace and intellect, he reminds me too much of the sorrows, or at least the agitations and bustle of mankind; and I have so many agitating thoughts of my own, that I want repose.

“I was not yet publicly acknowledged as the suitor of Lady Vavasour, but I was understood to be such. The Marquis, now Duke of Ormond, who unfortunately left England to be Lord Lieutenant of the sister country a few months before her Ladyship declared herself, had congratulated me on the certainty of my prospects; the delight-

ful words themselves were then uttered ; and Lady Fauconberg, in her summary style, went so far one day, as to ask her when she intended to be married. Longing as I did to call her my own, and beginning to think that circumstances required it as a matter of gracefulness, if not of necessity, I had nevertheless been so accustomed to associate the ideas of propriety and beauty with everything that she did, or that she left undone, and was so unwilling to appear to exercise the least authority on her sense of what was right, much more to imply a doubt of its perfection, that I persuaded myself she only delayed the time, that she might learn to love me the more, and so come to my arms with a perfect heart. I pressed her indeed from time to time, and put my request in such a light, that she professed herself under an obligation to me. She said she would hasten the time when she should have as little right, as inclination, to differ with me on any subject. I did not like this word ‘ obligation,’ and this other word ‘ right ;’ but to see her, and hear her talk, and above all, the prospect of her being mine thus put more decidedly before me, did away with all misgivings.

I believe, I had too much vanity, after all. I expected too easily to reconcile her to her determination.

“I have before observed, that Lady Vavasour had lived much alone, and been accustomed to have her own way, to a degree very unusual with women at her time of life. She was accordingly unacquainted with some of the usages of the world; but her inexperience sat so charmingly upon her, and gave such additional beauty to her native grace and cleverness, that nobody wished her to have known better. At least I thought so. The Duke of Ormond has since confessed to me, the only time I allowed myself to write to him on the subject, that he had looked forward to my union with her, as the means of giving her the only stability, in which he suspected her to be deficient. ‘She always appeared,’ said he, ‘to speak her mind; but I question—a little bit—if she always knew it.’ Painful flattery to me! More painful doubt of her! Alas! there is no doubt, that love could make her all perfect, though it was not for me to inspire it.

“About this time,—the summer of the year

sixty-three,—there came from London a new visitor, introduced by our neighbour Mr Eyles; to wit, no less a person than Mr Dalton himself. He turned out superior to what I thought him, upon acquaintance; perfectly well-behaved, and had in particular a very agreeable mode of arguing. But recollecting what I did of him, I could not like his society for Lady Vavasour. I received his advances with a discontent so little concealed, that our neighbour, a very worthy man, thought proper to take some pains to reconcile me. He made a great step at once, by telling me, that Dalton had renounced the Duke of Buckingham's company for more than a year. The poor man, he said, was a reformed rake; and was now visiting the best families he could get acquainted with, in order to wean himself from his town inclinations. 'He confesses,' said Mr Eyles, 'that they sometimes pull him back very hard; but he sets his teeth, and is resolved to be a man. He affects nothing of this openly,' continued our friend, 'for he retains one quality, which is the best his old associates possess; namely, a scorn of hypocrisy. He would not be thought too good

before his time. But if you talk a little more confidently with him, you will soon fetch him out. He has too much sense to pretend anything one way more than another; and, to use his own words, he is 'too lazy to lie.'

“ ‘I liked this account, particularly the close of it, and soon found means to hear Mr Dalton confirm it. I was charmed with his candour, his wit, the easiness and cheerfulness of his manners; and the melancholy which he confessed he had too much of in private. He resented it, in the airy style of the town, as a thing unbefitting a gentleman; and said, that if he had forseen his wine would have made such a fool of him, he would have forsworn it long ago. He expressed an ill opinion of human nature, which I thought argued ill for his reformation: but he said, that although he regarded virtue as only the highest part of what was graceful and prudent, yet he thought it so much so as to make any reasonable man ashamed of ‘being vicious; that is, a fool. Drinking makes us sick,’ said he, ‘and following all women makes us care in reality for none: so I am determined to be a drunken dog no longer,

nor to spoil my taste for love and beauty; in other words, as your friend Shakspeare says, Sir Philip,' I have, "a reverend care of my health," and am grown virtuous enough to know, that virtue is a very cunning and profitable thing.'

"If there was any danger in this mode of thinking, there seemed at least, as our neighbour said, no hypocrisy. I took a liking to my new acquaintance, and was pleased to find, that although he would vindicate all his other companions round, some of whom were the greatest rakes at court, he confessed he could not put up with Buckingham. He did not deny his wit, but he said it was joined to an insolence of pretension, and a destitution of all faith in everything else, that was absolutely intolerable, and even stupid. Lady Vavasour had been talking of the beauty of the story of Ruth. Buckingham, he said, would not scruple to make a comparison between Ruth and Lucy Walters. And yet he could believe preposterously enough, when he had a mind. He believed that Lady Vavasour was like any other pretty widow, to be won with a good confidence. And he be-

lieved, furthermore, that he could get into Mickleham Park. 'You see,' concluded Dalton with a shrug, 'how he has succeeded! For my part, I have done with him since our last quarrel.'

" ' May I ask what it was ? '

" ' Do not, pray. There was a poor girl—nay the subject is too shocking'—and Dalton rose, with a movement of impatience, and went to the window.

" ' I beg your pardon, Sir Philip,' said he, ' I have been used to too many of these things ; but I am, at present, as you see, in a very unphilosophical state of health ; and Buckingham's rascality, to say the truth, was enough to make a devil sick. Let us pitch his name into the Lethe, where he ought to pray that he may be sent.'

" Dalton (who now told me that he was no kinsman to the family of the same name in the neighbourhood,—so little can we trust the reports made by the best men) had a small sporting seat at Fetcham, and used to ride frequently over to Mickleham, where he amused the ladies with anecdotes of the court. Miss Vavasour, in her youth, had been a good deal at the court of Charles the First, and was

pleased to have news of her old sphere. Dalton's anecdotes, though they implied a good deal, were very decorous. He said he did not like to see women ignorant of anything. Their virtue in that case was not to be discerned from their ignorance; which he thought a dangerous condition of their goodness; but when goodness and knowledge went together, as in the instance of Lady Vavasour, the man must be as great a fool not to respect the virtue, as he would be to wish his own comfort undone.'

"These sentiments relieved me from the fears I should otherwise have still entertained for Margaret, in her acquaintance with such a man. I was not easy, when I heard him express the opinion he entertained of human nature in general. It reminded me of Lord Vavasour, and seemed doubly perilous in one whose understanding was far superior to his Lordship's. Above all, I still retained a suspicion, that if Lady Vavasour's mind was susceptible of injury, it was in the tendency that might have been given it to scepticism of that sort. But Dalton was so unaffectedly candid, he treated us all with so much propriety

and good tact, and when he found this opinion disagreeable to me, paid me so flattering a deference in keeping it to himself, while yet he maintained his honesty in not expressing a different one, that my respect for him increased daily. I confess I was a little jealous, when I saw the impression he made on the ladies. Margaret and I, by a sort of tacit agreement, used to avoid the subjects discussed by Lord Vavasour,—the nature of the human disposition among them; but I could not help observing, from a sentence which would escape her occasionally, that she was too much inclined to be of his opinion; and this alarmed me, when I heard Dalton speak to the same effect in her company. I fancied there was even a sort of triumph in her eyes, as she gave a glance at me; as much as to say, ‘You see what your clever man thinks:’ but Dalton relieved me in the manner I just mentioned; and, as he must have been nearly double my age, and always spoke of her as an angel whom he *should* have loved in the days of his innocence, though it was difficult to recall such feelings by dint of regretting them,—I

soon regarded his presence as a sort of courtly testimony to the superiority of real love. I was afraid I was sometimes ungenerous enough to like what would otherwise have disturbed me, namely, a little flattery which Margaret would now and then pay me at his expense. I did not see, that the more she did this, the more she proved the insufficiency of love for the occupation of her thoughts. Alas! must I confess that even my love was not perfect? May I not hope, that it was the consciousness of not being beloved as much as I loved, that made me sensible of the weakness? But to own it, I was sometimes not indisposed to think that Dalton himself was jealous, in spite of himself. I could not but observe, one day, as I came in the room when he had called, that he sighed, as he bade me welcome, and cast his eyes on the ground. He was taking leave. Lady Vavasour seemed doubly kind to me that day, and hardly civil to him. I asked her what poor Dalton had been guilty of. 'Do you pity him?' enquired Margaret. I said I could not pretend that I did; I was too full of my happiness. 'If you pity him,' said she, provokingly, 'I will send and ask him

to join us, that you may give him comfort.' I protested against being so liberal of my precious moments; and the discourse turned into a channel too delightful to admit any thoughts but its own.

"Fearfully was my vanity punished in the course of a day or two. I was now looking forward to my marriage. I went in and out of the house rather like the master than the visitor; and nobody, from Miss Vavasour down to the humblest retainer, seemed to regret it. Even Dalton, who came seldomer than before, and was as cautious on some points, as he was open and careless on most, did not hesitate to congratulate me under the title of the 'happiest man in England.' Such, alas! did I assuredly think myself. Riches were nothing. Neither did I want them. But such youth and beauty as Margaret's, so full of health, hilarity, and grace, would have been treasures in any man's eyes; and though her charming sincere face did not look at me so often as I wished, nor her lips utter a twentieth part of the kind things which love has a right to utter, in women as well as men, yet she was very kind, and very affectionate; and all the little things which she did

say, were a thousand times as precious to me as they would have been from any other woman, not only because I was in love, but because of the very truth that made them no greater.

“I had come over one morning from Ashstead, to accompany Margaret in a ride, and sent in my name to let her know of my arrival, when after waiting a little, I heard her singing up stairs. She was of an extremely cheerful temper, but not accustomed to vent her spirits in this manner. I could not but hail it as an evidence that she was that morning more than usually disposed to enjoy my society, perhaps inclined to love me better and better; and in the gaiety of this fancy, I walked up and down the hall, accompanying, in an under breath, her voice with my own. The old steward crossed the hall to go up stairs. ‘My lady is main happy, sir,’ said he. ‘She is, thank God, Mr Bennett. You do not seem very melancholy yourself.’ ‘I, sir! we are all happiness; as happy as the day is long. Ah! these are happy times.’ ‘May you live, dear Bennett,’ said I, ‘to a hundred, to say so. Will you make interest with your lady to hasten a little?’ The old gentleman

smiled, and shook his head, as much as to say, there is no need of that. However, he bowed, to signify that he would do what I told him; and Mrs Lettice, a brisk waiting-maid, arriving as he was about to ascend the stairs, danced before him, crying out, 'Oh dear, sir, let me carry the message.' The message was carried by both, for I saw Bennett was resolved not to give up his part of the duty; but Lady Vavasour still not coming, I went up myself, and seeing her dressing room door a-jar, was about to tap at it, when I heard her say, 'Dear me, how tiresome! You have told me so twenty times; cannot the man wait a little longer?'

"A common lover might be surprised to know how painfully these words affected me; I should say, startled and shocked. And doubtless there are multitudes, who would think little of them. But that is because they think little of love itself, or of their mistress. I was no common lover, nor did I love on common grounds. Lady Vavasour's fortune, as I have said before, was nothing to me; her title was nothing; even her beauty was nothing, compared with her truth and sweetness.

I did not despise those worldly goods; but they entered into no sort of comparison with her other pretensions; so that when the sense of her sincerity threatened to fail me, everything seemed to fail. Compassion might remain towards me: but I did not wish, a twentieth part so much, to be pitied by her, as to love herself. It was not that I was too proud for compassion. Love is very humble: and I would willingly have held any kindness at her hands, so that I might be sure I did not mistake it; so that I might be sure the bestower was what I took her to be, and that my own sincerity appeared to be some kind of payment for the delight afforded me by hers. This little speech, overheard by accident, convinced me, that small as my own pretensions with her had been, compared with what I could have desired, I had still over-rated them; but what was far worse, it convinced me, that my suspicions of her diminished sincerity were too true, and that it must remain for some person more truly beloved than myself, to restore her to that perfection of nature, which had given her so charming, and as it seemed, so unspoilable a face.

‘And to commit in this manner,’ thought I, ‘her own dignity and mine! and in the eyes of a chambermaid!’

“‘And yet,’ I asked, (willing to deceive myself; willing to think ill of myself in her favour; willing to do anything, rather than forego the bewitching sweets of love and hope), ‘am I not too precise in this? Was it anything but the petulance of her spirits? the same gaiety that impelled her to sing? Am I not bound to be explicit with her about the fault, if fault it be? Or if I am too humble, or too fond, or too conscious of the deficiency of my pretensions, ought she to suffer in my estimation for that? Will not all be right, when I can talk to her with the unrestrained affection of a husband?’

“I was turning these thoughts in my mind, and had renewed my walk up and down the hall, not knowing what to conclude, except that I loved her to distraction, and could not bear the idea of rebuking her, when she came down, radiant and blushing. Blushing! Why, thought I, should she do that; and how presumptuous and ungrateful it makes me feel!

“ I know not whether she perceived me looking pale and disturbed—I felt sure she did not know that I overheard her; for I thought her incapable of a deliberate deception; but she said, with a frankness that fell on my heart like the dew of heaven—‘ Dear Sir Philip, do you know I have been very naughty? I have been impatient with you for making me hasten, and I am sure it was to hasten nothing but my good. Will you forgive me?’

“ Her waiting-woman was behind her, and heard the apology. How delicate this, and how kind! All my suspicions fled before that blushing face, and those dancing eyes. I kissed her hand with transport, and asked her to forgive me for aspiring to so much truth and goodness.

“ Nevertheless, it was too true that she had practised a deception, which she persuaded herself was innocent. It came out by accident, that the waiting-woman had perceived me going away. She then spoke of it herself; and added, that she would have told me, had she thought it would have been pleasant.

“ ‘Could anything be more pleasant to me,

said I, 'than truth from that truth-telling face?'

" 'And am I not a truth-teller?' enquired she, colouring with the first look of resentment I had observed.

" 'If you are not, your face is the greatest untruth-teller I ever saw in my life,' answered I; 'but it could not be what it is, if truth were not a habit of the mind that looks out of it.'

" And it was so; but not as it had been once. Circumstances had now compelled me to cease looking for the old delightful singleness, in every word and action. I was prepared for the contrary; and yet it affected me like a dreadful surprise to find it. I now observed, that one thing was sometimes spoken, when another was meant; needless excuses were framed for avoiding or delaying visits; things were said to people's faces, not always compatible with what was said behind their backs. If Dalton told stories of tricks and stratagems at court, or among his grave Presbyterian friends, his wit was repaid with a laugh which surprised himself; and Lady V. seemed at length to have thrown off her very consciousness

on this point, to such an extent, that when about to inform me of something relating to our mutual prospects, and which she wished to mention without delay as a thing that would please me, she would give Miss Randolph, in order to get her out of the way, some pretended commission into another room, or recommendation to do something on her own account. This, too, the dear little girl must have seen through, as well as myself; for young ladies in their teens are much sharper, than ladies who have got over their teens give them credit for; especially when a love-matter is going forward. I was not only vexed, therefore, on all our accounts; I wondered at it. I began to fancy, that there was less of unconsciousness and more of will in it, than I had supposed. At length I had reason to believe, that if on some occasions, the very will produced the unconsciousness, on others it was determined to let me see, that my opinion on the subject was considered frivolous and excessive. I was to take for granted, that nobody who *knew the world*, acted with that superfluous nicety.

“I now regretted more than ever the absence

of the Duke of Ormond. The high respect Lady Vavasour entertained for him; and the truth which he described himself as enacting from all about him, could not have failed to render her more considerate in behalf of her once favourite quality. I had been once or twice to London, and had the honour of being introduced to his Grace's sons, Lords Ossory and Arran; but their father, out of delicacy, not liking to introduce the unmarried son to my rich and beautiful friend, delayed making her acquainted with the other; a nicety, which I could not help being as glad of at the time, as I afterwards with shame and remorse regretted it. For what might not the society of such a man as Ossory have effected? Lady Fauconberg, though on the most intimate and even affectionate terms, did not see her fair friend often enough to make her aware of the defect she was encouraging; and with regard to others, Lady Vavasour still lived much alone, and often saw nobody, but myself and one or two neighbours, for many weeks. As to Mr Dalton, though he agreed with me as to the high value I set upon truth, even on the smallest occasions,

he confessed he was not sufficiently cured of his old habits to help thinking that I over-strained the matter; and Lady Vavasour used to cry out to me so triumphantly, at these admissions, that I was glad to hear him talk of leaving us for some time, to go and look after an estate. But alas, the mischief was done, and not by him. Yes: so dangerous is an ill companion to the best and cleverest persons during youth, that what I had hardly dared to think of as a remote possibility, had turned out to be too true;—the coarse and common-minded Lord Vavasour had not failed in giving the most charming of women a doubt of the wisdom of her first candour, and a suspicion that everybody, without exception, was more or less worldly and untrue. The private histories of their acquaintance furnished too many grounds for triumphant reference. Lady Vavasour scarcely beheld anybody, who was not a cheat or a liar of some sort, sometimes under the most virtuous aspect; her understanding became piqued to be as superior to credulity as her husband's; and she finished (as all such fools make their victims finish,) first by ranking her husband among the

cheats and knaves he described; and secondly, by having a will of her own in opposition to his, and making any excuse to him, which she thought consistent with innocence. She did not quarrel with him: among her other discoveries, she soon detected the inferiority of his understanding; and she found herself so superior in this respect, that she never pursued an argument far enough to be provoked. But in ceasing to be free from insincerity, in condescending to make little disingenuous excuses, and otherwise practice the artifices of which he accused others, she had unwittingly stumbled on the best proof of his assertion; and from that moment had some reason to conclude, that the loveliest appearances were not to be trusted.

“Let me hasten over the dark and fatal period that ensued. We had now got so far removed from the paradisaical state in which I fancied myself wrapped for life, that we had frequent disputes, if disputes they could be called,—I mean in a bad sense; for all the anger was on one side, and all the sorrow and anxiety on the other. Margaret sometimes wept at the close of them,

and held out that irresistible or rather most welcome and beloved hand, with an acknowledgment that she had gone too far. I urged her more than ever not to delay our union. I could not help still flattering myself, that I should be able to bring her round to her first happiness; and, as to loving her less, I fancied sometimes I loved her even more; to find her in the wrong seemed to put her more on a level with me; nay, to subject her to a compassion fonder than love itself; and when she melted into tears, and her hair about her eyes and forehead expressed a disordered repentance, I was almost startled at the gust of passion which impelled me to clasp her in my arms, and to entreat her to be what she pleased, so that my love gave her a moment of delight. And yet I discovered, on reflection, that if I loved her more in one sense of the word, or rather was more alive if possible to the transport of it; it was, perhaps, because my love for her (surprised and shocked as I was to think so) suffered some diminution in the other. How? To love her less! to have less respect for her understanding! her soul!—this, thought I, is the greatest blow to me

of all: and yet I found there was a greater: for my next reflection was that she had *no* love for myself. No: the recollection of our debates would still so much disturb her, especially when I urged her respecting our union, and she still found so much reason for delay, that my eyes were at length opened. She denied it, but only in such a manner that I was more strongly convinced. I did not reproach her. What right had I to do so? If she had never loved me, so much the more generous in her to persuade herself she had; so much the more generous to try if she could not. I thanked her. I delighted to be under an obligation to her, and to fancy that in taking pity on myself, she partook of my feelings, and had a sensation with me in common. I would have added, 'For your own sake, Margaret, I give you up; for you could not be happy with one you did not love.' But from day to day, I delayed this terrible self-sacrifice. Chance at length rendered it unavoidable.

"She said to me one day, 'How can you love me still, and as much as ever, if you say that the

quality for which you first loved me, is diminished?’

“ ‘I love,’ said I, ‘the memory of its perfection. I love all that it will be again, if you will but let it; and I love in you the former and the future perfection, the dear image which a divinity inhabits whenever you please,—which it always does inhabit, though it chooses to play with my distress. The divinities of old, in their superiority to human kind, sometimes appeared a little cruel.’

“ ‘Ay, now you flatter. Is that truth?’

“ ‘You know all the truth that is in it, and how much there may be wanting. You know when I speak in lightness or in seriousness, in mirth or in sorrow: you know *me* thoroughly, and you are not more certain of anything than that I love you.’

“ ‘Perhaps I am not quite certain of that,’ said Margaret, a tear starting in her eye, but more in pride than sorrow.

“ ‘But you ought to be, dearest creature, and you would be, if you were quite certain of yourself.’

“ ‘Ay; those are your teasing exceptions. Will you promise me, now, Sir Philip, to be very good, if I promise you to fix this worshipful day which you are always speaking of; and will you undertake, once for all, when we are married, never to let me hear a word more about them?’ ”

“ ‘No, dearest Margaret: I shall love you too fondly, and be too anxious that you should be yourself. Neither truth nor love will allow me to say, that I should not be grieved if I saw you untrue to your loveliness: and let me add, that you would not respect your husband, nor be able to love me better than you do, if I were capable of making such a promise.’ ”

“ ‘Can you pretend, Sir Philip, that you do not already love me less? Answer me distinctly that question. If you do, I cannot consent to go on thus, failing every day in your eyes: and if you do not, allow me to ask, on what is your love founded? or, why you should be so exacting with regard to a quality, real or pretended, which has no connection with the amount of your love?’ ”

“ ‘There was great pride and subtlety in this question, and it forced me to wake up to a sense

of the immediate state of my feelings. I answered, that when I thought of the good to be done to her, of the interest I took in her welfare, in her daily happiness, in every movement of her very person, I could not but think that my love was greater for her than ever; but inasmuch as she forced me to admire her something less, to take with less adoring implicitness every syllable she uttered—

“ But I will not proceed—I cannot. Suffice it to say, that she condescended to renew the argument, and to dispute the extent to which she was said to carry her insincerity; and nothing would content her but she must appeal for the truth of the charge to Mr Dalton, who was to be there that day on his leave-taking. I begged and prayed her not to do this; but she said, that the more an openness of conduct became her, the more proof she was resolved to give me of her capability of it. I showed her several modes of proving it, all unexceptionable and delightful, and such as I should witness with transport, but not this. However, she was bent upon it. The appeal was made. Dalton, to her consternation, pronounced

laughingly but peremptorily against her; not, I thought, without a needless particularity in his examples, for which I could have hated him. And yet I could not but respect his sincerity, nor could she. Dear, wilful Margaret! We quarrelled that evening (if I must use the vile word) more warmly than before: she went so far as to insinuate, that I had not shewn quite so much spirit as I ought to have done, in not resenting the levity of Mr Dalton,—a levity which she, however, had challenged, by laughing first; and this charge (which I thought hard measure from a woman, to a heart so transparent as mine) exciting me to some anger in my turn, she pronounced it to be an ‘indellicacy’ to hear of love any more, under such terms of living. It were better to part at once, and she now proposed it. She wished it. She had long thought it ought to be. As to myself, I could not stand that word ‘indellicacy,’ even though I had stood all the rest.

“‘Is it even so?’ said I, ‘and must we part indeed?’ I felt that I was as pale as death, in asking the question.

“Margaret hardly looked less pale. (My heart

never ceases to thank her for it.) ‘I should not expect such a question from Sir Philip Herne,’ said she, ‘after what he himself acknowledges would be unfitting, if I so think it.’

“‘It is too true,’ I replied: ‘I cease to give you trouble; to love you I cannot cease. One word more in all quietness. The least intimation from Lady Vavasour, in sickness, in trouble, or in any difficulty, should misfortunes reach her, will bring her friend at any time to her side, though he be at the other end of the world;—and, oh Margaret! for even now I cannot give up all hope, indulge me, at the end of—what shall I say?—of half a year, if that be not too short a time, with receiving one letter from me; and if that contains nothing that should hinder my returning to offer you my services, if you should again think my opinion of any value, and be inclined to doubt whether it was best that I should have gone away, —allow me to return;—nay, speak not against it, if it be only in charity: and so, in all respectful calmness, with no bitterness, with no complaint, with no pretence to any right to complain, and with what I fear does me little good in your eyes,

with no pride (for do not I love?) your friend bids you farewell. Should you ever fancy, out of any tenderness of recollection, that you may have done amiss towards me, and circumstances prevent you from saying so, remember, I acquit you of everything with regard to myself. Love is not in your power, any more than indifference is in mine; and whatever I may suffer, I shall regard as that portion of calamity which is the lot of most of us in this world, and which I should have suffered in some other shape, if not in this. May all blessings attend you!’

“While I was speaking, we had been moving slowly towards the door of the apartment. We had now reached it. I could not keep her waiting; my hand was on the lock: I gave one more look at that beloved face, formerly so cheerful and straightforward, now pale, silent, and downcast; and snatching her hand to my lips for the last time, was out of her presence the next moment. I have never since beheld her. I wrote the letter at the end of the half year. No answer came. This was about six months ago. I went down to Mickleham, and contrived to see Bennett, the steward,

who would fain have forced me in doors: but his lady was tranquil, lived much alone as before, and never alluded to past times. I could not trespass upon her. He brought Miss Randolph to me, who came running, the dear girl! with delight in her eyes, thinking I was restored to her lovely friend. But she had nothing to tell me, that warranted my going in. The letter was of such a nature, that if it remained unnoticed, there was nothing to hope. My chief object in going to Mickleham, was to ascertain whether she had received it. This I now did, beyond a doubt; for Ellen (Miss Randolph) was present when she received it. Mr Bennett, to whom it was inclosed, took it in; and laid it before her with a trembling hand. Said Lady Vavasour, 'I hope you are not ill, Mr Bennett, that you tremble so? You should not trouble yourself with bringing letters; you should give them to Jervis.' 'God bless your Ladyship,' said Bennet, 'it is no trouble to me to bring you a letter, much less this one; and, forgive me, madam, for saying it—I am an old man, but I hope it will be no trouble to you to receive it. *Everybody* in the house, I believe,

once loved the writer of it. God forgive me, madam ; I beg ten thousand pardons if I offend.' 'You do not offend, Bennett,' said her Ladyship, very gently, yet turning pale ; 'but—' She looked as much as to say that she only could judge of what was a secret to everybody but herself. The old man understood her, and again apologised, saying, he knew he had no right to speak, and he would observe his place. Lady Vavasour took the letter up stairs with her, but said not a word on the subject. Mr Dalton called next day on her, and was loud in my praises ; not however to the satisfaction of dear Ellen, who said she could not help thinking, that if he was a true friend, he could have advocated my cause to better purpose ; for the Countess, somehow or other, had a wonderful opinion of his judgment. Here she said something in dispraise of his 'smooth hard countenance,' and his 'great big forehead,' which made me remind her, that I had a great big forehead myself. 'So you have,' said she, in a true girlish style, 'but that's a very different thing. I am not quarrelling with the bigness of it, but the ill look ; in short, I don't know what I am quar-

relling with, except that I don't like the man, for all he calls me "fair, good, and young;" I sometimes think he is laughing at me, so I am resolved to be even with his long eyes, and laugh a little at him.'

"I mention the particulars of this discourse, for reasons which will appear presently. I believe the first ground of Miss Randolph's dislike of Dalton, originated in some allusions he had made to a certain person, who occasioned the illness she fell into about a year and a half before he knew us. I have spoken of this illness in the beginning of my narrative. Like other illnesses, when they act upon intelligent youth, it sharpened her perceptions, while the blame which she attributed to herself made her quicker to discern faults. For she had betrayed the secret in her fever, ; and a foolish servant had not known how to keep it. However, she had no secrets from Lady Vavasour, nor did she expect or wish to have any from me ; so that we both felt towards her like an elder brother and sister. The Countess was sorry that Esher had not found his way to Mickleham Park, which she thought might have fixed him ; and she was at one time, dis-

posed to be angry with his desertion (as she called it) of her protégée; but she afterwards, for an obvious reason, desisted from saying anything to his disadvantage. Doubtless, she felt but too clearly, that where real love has not fixed itself, care ought to be taken not to fix the person that loves.

“ I still lingered in the neighbourhood of Mickleham, unable to quit the spot, and trying to hope, in despite of hopelessness; when I was finally driven away, by a circumstance that rendered it impossible for me to remain. Ardently as I loved, I still retained pride enough to wish not to be thought secret and designing by Lady Vavasour; and therefore I had exacted a solemn promise from Bennett and Miss Randolph, as well as from Dalton, who often came to see me, not to let her know where I was. I had also become too conscious to myself, that I did not so totally love her, as I had loved; did not so entirely respect her image, and all which it might have inclosed, in the place of my own self-consideration. I never ceased to wish to call her my own; never lost an infinite desire to see her restored to all the per-

fections of her nature; but the constant sense of the very want of this restoration had at length made me too much aware of it, not only as implying the wish on my part, but the imperfection on hers. You will think this discovery brought some relief to me; and so it did, in one sense; but in another, you cannot conceive how it added to the bitterness of my sorrow. We love, in proportion as we feel gratitude for the qualities that delight or make us love; and this is the reason why there is a pleasure in the most hopeless attachment, provided the love be real: for the qualities, or grounds of our love, are always in the object of it, even though there be no result to ourselves beyond the perception we have of them. But when these qualities are found to be less than we look for, we feel as if a prop were stricken from under us. We are fixed, perhaps, from habit, as well as self-will; we have the same propensity to love what remained, but a new and startling regret is mixed with it; and we can only soften it at our expense, by thinking that we had no right to expect so much, or to behave as if we had done so. God knows how often I made

this charge against myself. But then that divine countenance, clear and open as the heavens. Could any one have expected less from it? Would it have been what it still remained, but for its first and native habit?

“I was returning one night from my usual melancholy ramble, and from watching on a mound near the park till I saw the light in her bed-room window, when I heard an outcry as of men attacking a traveller. Several pistol-shots followed it. I hastened to the spot, and found Dalton struggling with four or five ruffians, who seemed bent upon murdering him. I knew him by his voice. They had got him on the ground, and with horrid oaths bade him ‘remember York Castle.’ The assistance I afforded him was so unexpected, or the ruffians were so contented with a belief that he had fallen dead, that although they violently opposed me for an instant, and gave me a slight wound or two in return for those I must have inflicted on them, they turned speedily in a body, and fled. The first words Dalton uttered, were an oath as vehement as any of theirs, and an execration against Buckingham, whom he vowed

he would go and pistol in the King's presence. He then made his acknowledgments to me, and fainted with loss of blood in the arms of his servant. We helped him into a cottage, and I fetched a surgeon from Dorking, who saw him to sleep, and said he would do very well. He had one wound in the shoulder, and another at the side of the neck, but neither of an alarming description. The next day I called, and found that Lady Vavasour had just been to see him. 'How many wounds,' thought I, 'would I not undergo for a chance so blessed!'

"Dalton told me, that he had no doubt Buckingham was at the bottom of the villainy. The Duke, he said, had been highly offended with him for quitting his society, and speaking of him in no measured terms; and what made the assault the more grievous, was the consciousness of his having in some measure deserved it, though not at the Duke's hands. York Castle, he said, of which the men spoke, was the scene of one of Buckingham's outrages, in which he enlisted Dalton unawares. 'I have done too many damned things in my time,' said Dalton, 'but I never deli-

berately attempted such violence as that.' Buckingham, it seems, whose chief estate lay in the north, resolved to carry off a farmer's daughter; he took a party of friends to the spot, after they had been drinking; and the girl coming to the castle walls by appointment, they found themselves implicated in the enormity. They carried off the poor girl surely enough, but they had been watched. Buckingham with his carriages and horses had not gone to so great a distance, but he was traced next day, and shot at. He sent the poor soul back to the cottage, and the whole party left the country; but their offence, it seems, was not forgotten, 'bitterly,' said Dalton, 'as I have repented it.' How the men came there, he knew not, unless they were soldiers. He thought he discovered the dragoon belt under their cloaks; and there was a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood.

"Much as I respected the candour of Dalton, and thought allowance should be made for a course of life which he had abandoned, and into which an evil education had led him, I should

have felt uneasy at the continuance of a man of his character and cast of mind in the intimacy of Lady Vavasour; but he relieved me greatly by announcing his intention of ceasing his visits to that part of the country. He said "he had an estate in the west of England which had long required his looking after, though to say the truth, he had lingered in the neighbourhood of my fair friend out of a love of her conversation, which would hardly have been warrantable had he been younger, and at all likely to make an impression on her: but he called her my fair friend to show what an interest he still thought I retained in her heart; nor had he a doubt that she would relent after a while. But I must take matters patiently; and above all, not seem to press myself on her attention. A little too much pride, and a great deal of obstinacy, he said, were her faults. If she had been more perfect, she would have been too much of an angel. As it was, my best policy was to leave her to herself, and allow her time to regret me, which he undertook to prophesy she would. In the course of a few

months I could easily gather from Bennett and Miss Randolph how matters went on, and take my own steps accordingly."

"I did not like the word, 'policy,' in this discourse; I cannot say I liked any part of it. I felt irritated, humiliated—I knew not what; and yet I could not find fault with the advice. I had nothing to offer against it; which was perhaps the reason why I felt as I did; or perhaps the discussion of such a subject by such a man might have chagrined me, or I might have been angry with myself for having the vanity to think that I had a right to be angry. However, I believe one great reason was, that Dalton had not told me whether he had said anything or not respecting the part I had in the late affair. I could not conceal from myself that I was willing to make a merit of it in her eyes; and yet there was such small reason for doing so,—in fact none at all, (for I had done nothing but what any gentleman was bound to do for anybody, and what he could not omit doing for the sake of his own self-respect), that I was at once angry with Dalton for saying nothing about it, and with myself for wishing him

to do otherwise. At length, with a faltering pretence of ease,—even now I blush to think of it,—I ventured to ask whether anything *had* been said.

“ ‘Why there,’ answered Dalton, ‘is the vexation. I do not wonder at your desire to know: but these women I believe grow tired of being angels. They love to play the devil a little by way of variety. I did not like to tell you, my dear Sir Philip; I have not the patience, and that is the truth, to think of it; she ought to have been kinder—I’ll be d—d if she ought’nt—but extremes meet you know; and when the worst comes to the worst, things will mend.’ ”

“ I begged, with great earnestness, to know what it was,—what Lady Vavasour had said: and I observed, that it might be better for me, as I should then know how to act, once for all.

“ Dalton then told me, with great concern, that although he had thought it my best policy not to wound the self-love of the Countess by putting myself in her way, yet on an occasion like that which had just taken place, a third person was to be forgiven if common feelings of

gratitude had not allowed him to be silent. Indeed, he said, how was it possible for him to hold his tongue? and who could have thought that such an occasion would not have formed an exception in my favour? yet to say the truth, when he mentioned the service I had rendered him, and enlarged upon it a little, as he could not help doing:—‘In short,’ said he, ‘my dear Sir Philip, I am using a great many words because I hate to come to the point, but the truth of the matter is, that Lady Vavasour is still so piqued with your abominable candour, that she is not pleased to hear you spoken of. When I told her of the assistance you afforded me, she said she had never thought you otherwise than a gentleman, but on my pressing it upon her, and seizing the opportunity (forgive me) of urging it as delicately as I could in your favour, she drew herself up with an air of offence; said she had already allowed herself a freedom in coming to see me, of which her aunt had doubted the propriety: and concluded with requesting me to leave her to her own thoughts upon the subject.’

“ Dalton announced his intention of quitting the neighbourhood in a day or two. The night after my discourse with him, I stood from midnight till dawn, gazing on Margaret’s window (let me call her by that name once more;) and then shutting up my sorrows, my hopes, and my recollections as well as I could in a heart which seemed to be withered, I turned my face from it for ever, and next day was in the bustle of London.

“ My noble friend the Duke of Ormond had introduced me, not only to his sons Ossory and Arran, to Lord Hyde and others, but to the King and the Duke of York, both of whom were pleased to receive me with many flattering recollections of their unexpected feasting at Rouen. I therefore found myself an inmate of the first distinction at court; a strange alteration, but it was good for me. Lord Ossory, whom his father described as being all that he ought to have been, and Lord Arran gayer, but very amiable, who says he is a little too much of what his father never was, condescended to become my particular acquaintances;

I might have said friends, had there not been something in both of them which prevented my troubling them with a detail of my history. Lord Ossory, it is true, is a lover of romances, and realizes the virtues which they dream of; he even acknowledges himself to be in love with his wife, (a stretch of heroism not more singular at court, than the respect he maintains notwithstanding it;) but somehow I feared that he would have thought me weak. Perhaps because I was so. Lord Arran, I thought, would have laughed at me, and said I did not understand 'the women.' However, I have such a disposition to be confiding where I have a regard, that to account for my apparent insensibility to the many charming creatures I met with, I confessed that I could not get rid of an attachment which had not proved fortunate; and nothing could be more considerate towards me in consequence, than the behaviour of both of them. Lord Arran's in particular affected me, because it was least expected. But in addition to the reasons I have given for being silent, I doubted whether I had a right to mention the name of Lady Vavasour, or even to

commit so far the dignity of my own suffering; and nothing would have induced me to do it now, but for reasons which will appear presently.

“ I will here mention, while I think of it, that the Duke of Buckingham came up to me one day at Court, with an air of the most respectful and conciliating courtesy, and said that although he had been guilty of many foolish things in the course of his life, there was not one which he regretted more than his very unwarrantable encounter with a gentleman of the disposition, &c. &c. of Sir Philip Herne. If I thought him pardonable, he hoped I would act as if I did so, and allow him to cultivate my friendship.—I thought there were many sillier things in the course of his life which he had reason to repent of; but this was not to be said to a Duke, and condescending: I could only take his compliment as he meant it; and so from that time, during the short season I was in the habit of meeting him at one or two houses, he shewed a face as if nothing had happened to disturb either of us. He is a marvellous person, with a prodigious flow of spirits. I begin

to think his spirits are more in fault than he, and that it is even lucky he is no worse, considering he was a Duke when he was a year old, and is not a bit older, for aught that I can see, now that he is eight-and-thirty. I did not say a word of Dalton, nor did he.

“ I had been in town but a short time, when there came up a talk of war with the Dutch. Father Waring, whom you are to understand I never lost sight of, (indeed I was in the habit of communicating with him at regular intervals, though out of tenderness to a misfortune of his which resembled it, I never spoke to him of my own,) was much in the confidence of the Duke of York; and as the Duke condescended to take a particular interest in me as the representative of a Catholic family, and would often express his wonder at my quitting a faith, the professors of which I had known so well how to appreciate and defend, his Highness, passing from one subject to another, would then speak of the approaching war. At length he announced his intention of offering a glorious opportunity to the young gentry and nobility of acquiring a reputation in

arms. I requested to be enrolled among the volunteers, and his Highness was pleased to say I should accompany him in his own vessel. There were two reasons for this partiality. The Duke was fond of discoursing on questions of religion, into which everybody would not enter so willingly as myself; and he had gone so far with his practical comments on the toleration which he advocated, as not only to be willing to have two chaplains on board his ship—one of the episcopal church for Government's sake, and one of the Presbyterian persuasion for the crew—but he had chosen to take under his protection and carry to sea with him in disguise a priest of the order of St Loyola, who begged not to be forced to leave him. You remember my speaking of this person before. The sanguinary laws against the Papists still exist; but since the King's return, the courage they had begun to resume under the Protectorate, had thrown off all their remaining doubts, and they openly looked forward not only to indulgences, but favour. There was an attempt on the part of the Chancellor, about two years ago, to counteract these expectations; but Sir Harry Bennett, Clif-

ford, and others, were too much for him. I need not tell you the suspicions that are abroad respecting one royal personage. The King is supposed not to care much for any religion; but if he has a preference, he is thought to like Popery the best. The professors of it abided stoutly by his father; it is the religion of his mother; was that of his maternal ancestors, and indeed of his paternal, till of late years; but perhaps it has several recommendations, above all others, in a royal eye: it is indulgent, it is shewy, and it controuls the multitude. At least that is what has hitherto been thought of it. I suspect, however, (and I have good reasons for doing so) that it is beginning to partake of the Christian freedom of other faiths. Nay, I have a fancy, in which I love to indulge, that in the course of a century or two, Papists will be as inclined to throw off the husks and thorns of their creed, and bring out the flowers of it, as much as any other believers. I confess I am Papist enough to think, that with its music, and its paintings, and its sweet-smelling odours, it would make a handsomer flower than any. Per-

haps this is what the King likes best in it, for you know his reputation ; and the Presbyterians accuse us of being of a sensual faith. As to the Duke, I believe he admires the severer part of it, quite as well as any other. His life, like his brother's, is free enough ; but I do not think either of them care for mere pleasure as much as is thought. The King gives way to it in a great measure because he is indolent and social ; the Duke takes it somehow as a matter of course, because he is a prince and a gentleman. If our neighbour, the Most Christian King, were somewhat less of a man of pleasure, as well as a Papist, I fancy his Highness would less pique himself on his Catholic inconsistencies of sinning and repentance. He is sometimes fairly angry with me for not being of the faith of my ancestors. I tell him he is not so himself ; but he says he was not brought up in it, as I was. I then explain to him for the hundredth time (for his understanding is not good by nature, and sometimes he chuses to have it less so,) in what manner I really was brought up ; but he gets angry again, and says there is a difference, for

circumstances rendered his own education not a little of the same cast; and it is from these humours, as well as from his encouragement of particular persons, and his warmth in behalf of a toleration which he seems so little inclined to by nature, that people draw the most peremptory conclusions respecting his being already a Papist. You know the gallant Clifford, who is said to have been so full of business during the fight, and who declared he should not know what to do with such a poor thing as peace, after tasting the pleasures of that fiery zest! There is no doubt that he is a Catholic. The Jesuit I speak of, gave him absolution before the fight.

“ All this, however, is in confidence. And now, my dear Esher, I will tell you why I have troubled you with so many communications respecting myself and others. Indeed you now know as much of my whole life as I do myself, and still more, no doubt, of the nature of the biographer. We had not been more than a day at sea, when, from something that the Duke let fall, I had reason to suspect that Dalton was not altogether the person he seemed to be. I guess that he too is a Ca-

tholic; and I am sure he gave out to me, that he was not. Clifford knows him; and I observed a smile of a peculiar sort on his face, when his name was mentioned. Do you know, that when this suspicion fell upon me, my blood seemed to turn round in my veins. I wished that instant to be out of the vessel, and at Mickleham, and thrilled from head to foot with impatience. Somebody said, that an officer had news of his being married. Was it possible that it could be to ——! I could not quit the vessel. I had no grounds to go upon, sufficient to warrant a risk of my becoming infamous even in behalf of her comfort; so I strove to think I had no grounds for the belief. With what difficulty I resolved upon this effort, and maintained it, I will not attempt to describe; but as soon as our business at sea is over, I shall, if I survive, request permission to go on shore, with a licence of returning or not to sea, as it may happen; and I shall then as instantly set out for the neighbourhood of the most beloved of women, (still, oh, *how* beloved!) and secure to my heart, I trust, the knowledge of her being safe and well. In the course of a week, letters shall be directed to you

both at Whitehall and on board the vessel, in case you may not be certain of your movements; and should you not receive any, I beg the greatest of earthly favours, for which I will thank you in another world, that you yourself will go down to the neighbourhood, will make enquiry at court and elsewhere; in short, will do everything which can enter your gallant and kind heart, for the sake, not only of one who hoped to shew his love for you, but of a woman whose real nature is worthy of all that can be done for her. I have told you all about myself, from my childhood upwards, that you might know me thoroughly, my weakness as well as my strength, and modify any of your conclusions or actions accordingly,—but always pray let it be in favour of the person I speak of.

“And oh! my dear friend, whether anything has befallen her or not—(as indeed in my cooler moments I cannot think it has)—but whether it has or not, and whatever becomes of me, pray let me anticipate, as I do, (and it is the greatest comfort I have,) that you will still keep an eye on her, and do your best to preserve her from harm. May I add—nay, I must do so, for it is only on such

grounds that Lord Ormond wished his secret to be disclosed to *one other person*,—that Miss Randolph may want a protector, if I am gone : I trust you will contrive to be that protector, if you are nothing more ; though I cannot help thinking you will be. At all events, if, out of delicacy, you do not disclose yourself to Miss R., you can easily get introduced to Lady Vavasour : and yet, indeed—without the other—in short, I know not well what to say, or to think ; but you will do your best for us all. I dare not say any more ;—but—at any price, be a friend to her ; and on no account, as you value my last words, ever think of revenging upon her any trouble you may know she has caused me, by shewing her these pages, or letting her into the secret of what I have suffered. If ever you are forced to speak of me, talk of the cheerful manner in which I used to converse, and say how contented the Duke and others used to think me. I may write incoherently, but I mean, that I would rather have endured all I have, and twenty times more, sooner than not have had that sweet face to think of. I left a packet with Lord Ossory for his noble father, to whom, in case anything

should happen to me, (for I sometimes feel as if my heart would burst,) I beg you to add the assurances of my last esteem and gratitude. *He* will attend to what I wish also; but he has so many public cares, that a younger and less occupied man, like you, has come upon me like a blessing from heaven. And so God bless you, and all, prays your affectionate friend,

P. H."

ESHER *resumes.*

OH, my friend, my noble, kind-hearted friend, considerate for everybody but thyself, where art thou? No news for two weeks: none for nearly the whole of a third! I go to seek thee. Everything is right at Mickleham. I have undoubted intelligence of it, or I should have set out before. Is it possible, that the noblest of men has found a grave, in common with the thousands suffering under this awful visitation! *

* The great Plague, which had broken out just before the naval expedition, and was now raging.

This memorandum is put at the bottom of the manuscript of Sir Philip Herne, in order he may know, in case he opens it without me, that he had a grateful and affectionate friend in

R. E.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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